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THE TOP POLE

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The
HOOP POLE

*Published by the
SENIOR CLASS
of the
Mt. Vernon High School*

1919



Eighth Annual Edition

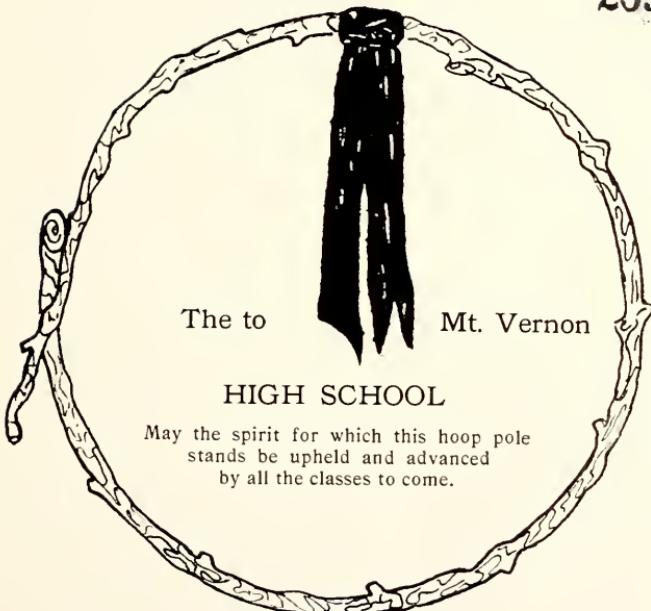
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Many classes in days gone by have passed three the portals of Mt Vernon High Out into the world their for times to win and to prize enough I dare not be. In years to come there will be many more as great as those there have been to. In fore But out of them all there must be a best one class superior to all the rest. Then glance at this page and there'll clear ly be seen that finest of all nineteen years been M L F

DEDICATION

2058399



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FOREWORD

Just a word of introduction to the readers of this, the eighth annual edition of the Hoop Pole.

In completing this edition we have striven in every way to make this a better and more interesting annual than any that have before been published. We sincerely believe that we have succeeded.

We most gratefully thank those who have contributed their time and energy to our success, and especially do we thank our friend and teacher, Miss Smith, who has devoted so much of her time and thought to our work.

Our editorial staff deserves much credit for the splendid work completed in the short time allotted. To our business manager and her staff and to Mr. Sandefur, their adviser, we owe our secure financial foundation and the improvements we have thus been able to make.

And, last of all, we present our annual to the public and heartily hope it will meet with approval.

WHAT YOU WILL FIND IN THIS NUMBER OF THE HOOP-POLE

	Page	
Editorial Staff	11	
Business Staff	12	
Seniors	13-22	
Class Poem and Class Song.....	23-24	
Class History	25-27	
Class Prophecy	28-31	
Class Will	32-33	
Senior Play—"Under the Lion's Paw".....	34-37	
The Hoop-Pole	38	
Speeches of Presentation and Acceptance.....	39	
The Hoop-Pole Ceremony	}	40
Junior-Senior Reception		40
Six O'clock Dinner for School Board and Guests		40
Hoop-Pole, Junior		41
Hoop-Pole, Junior Staff.....	41	
Fac-simile of First Edition of Hoop-Pole, Junior.....	42	
Literary—		
Singing Mountain—Albert Crowe	43-45	
The Lost Note—Mary Ellen Bateman.....	45-47	
The Tenth Generation—Hazle Kagle.....	47-49	
Music Department	50-54	
Operetta	51-54	
Public Speaking Department.....	55-56	
Athletics—		
High School Athletics.....	57	
Girls' Basketball Squad.....	58	
Girls' Basketball Team.....	59	
Senior Members of Girls' Team.....	60-61	
Boys' Basketball Team.....	62	
Senior Members of Boys' Team.....	63	
Class of 1920.....	64	
Class of 1921.....	65	
Class of 1922.....	66	
Alumni—		
Notes	67-68	
Dreams of Spring—Fred Armbruster '13.....	69	
Alumni Honor Roll.....	70-71	
The "Flu"	72-73	
Poets' Corner	74-76	
Smiles	77-87	
Snap Shots	79-80	
Rogues' Gallery	84-87	
Junior High School.....	88	
Junior High School Faculty.....	89	
Junior High School Class.....	90	
Autographs	91	
Advertisements	92-121	



EDITORIAL STAFF

Thomas E. Boyce Editor-in-Chief
Mary E. Smith Head of English Department

Assistants

Oswald Benner	Boys' Athletics
Elizabeth Spencer	Girls' Athletics
Belva Davis	Alumni
John E. Doerr, Jr.	Attorney
Mary Louise Fitton	Prophetess-Poet
Lucile Haas	Music
Elfreda Hironimus	Jokes
Mary Elizabeth Mackey	Historian
Madge Oliver	Artist
Edna Sturm	Public Speaking
Hazel Williams	Domestic Science
Jessie Pritchard	Domestic Science

Typists

Gladys Woodward
Beuford Alldredge
Gladys Basler
Louise Leffel



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Assistants

Mary Ellen Bateman	Frank Harlem
Susie Sugg	Bernard Luebberman
Fern Leipold	Elisha Blackburn
Esther Menzies	Lawrence Woodward

SENIORS



CLASS OFFICERS

Thomas E. Boyce President

Bernard Luebbermann Vice-President

Mary Louise Fitton Secretary

James Morlock Treasurer

Class Colors: Blue and Gold Class Flower: Ward Rose and Valley Lily

Class Motto: "Out of the Harbor into the Sea"

Baccalaureate Address: Rev. Edward Edlemairer, May 18

Commencement Address: "The New World," by Dr. James A. Woodburn, Indiana University, May 22

Class Day: May 22

Class Play: April 25



Beuford H. Alldredge

"Crowfoot"

"I am the very pink of courtesy."
Editorial Staff, Hoop-Pole, "Under the Lion's Paw."
He is a real ladies' man. He is especially interested in a beautiful flower whose perfume is that of a rose. His taste in selecting many colored ties and his ability to tie them artistically is remarkable.

Gladys Basler

"Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eyes, in every gesture, dignity and love."

Glee Club, Operetta '18-'19, Editorial Staff, Hoop-Pole.

Gladys has been considered the prettiest girl in our class since she joined us in Junior High. Besides her beauty, she has a sunny disposition which will win her friends wherever she goes.

Mary Ellen Bateman

"Mellen"

"There was a little girl
And she had a little curl".
Basketball '16-'17-'18-'19, Operetta '18-'19, Glee Club, Editorial Staff, J. H. S. Pioneer '16, Secretary and Treasurer of Hoop-Pole Junior, Business Staff, Hoop-Pole, "Under the Lion's Paw."

Mary Ellen is one of our basketball stars. Though she has worked for her three "M's" she hasn't forgotten her other interests in High School.

Oswald Benner

"Benner"

"Speech is great, but silence is greater."

Editorial Staff, Hoop-Pole, Basketball '18-'19, "Under the Lion's Paw."

Although Oswald is very quiet and does not care for the fair sex, he is a real Senior and has proved a great success in basketball.

Elisha Blackburn

"Lishie"

"By wit he speaks, by wit his mind is ruled,

By wit he governs all his actions."

Business Staff Hoop-Pole, Editor-in-Chief of J. H. S., Pioneer '16.

Elisha is a true "Happy Farmer." He is never to be seen without a joke and a smile. He has been taking a course at Oakland City College.



Grace Nell Blackburn
"Gracie"

"Who hath not own'd the power of Grace?"

Grace is unlucky when it comes to health, but in lessons she's always ready and always right. Her pleasant ways and sunny smiles never change."

Thomas E. Boyce
"Tom"

"Noble blood is an accident of fortune; noble actions characterize the great."

Class President, Basketball '16-'17-'18-'19, Captain '17, Editor-in-Chief Hoop-Pole, "Under the Lion's Paw", "The Hero of the Gridiron".

Tom is our dignified and popular President. He can conduct a class meeting or take a snap-shot with equal success. If you want anything done well, ask Tom to do it.

He has been accepted at Annapolis, having made a splendid record in his preparatory work, and we predict that he will be Captain of a battleship some day.

Mark Crunk
"Crunkie"

"Ye, gods! but she is wondrous fair! And I, so plain a man am I."

Crunkie is a boy who likes to be heard. This is probably due to his smallness. He has a beautiful blush and he doesn't hesitate to let others know it, although he isn't at all bashful. His real interest in life lies beyond the realm of M. V. H. S.

Albert L. Crowe
"Sis"

"The man that loves and laughs must sure do well."

"Under the Lion's Paw".

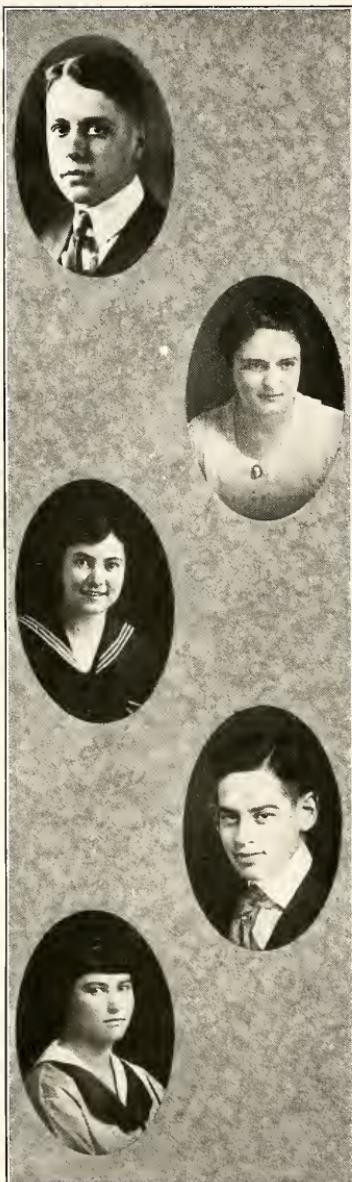
Albert joined the class in the Senior year and we have all gained a good friend and classmate. He is especially popular with the girls.

Belva A. Davis
"Dolly Dimples"

"A loveable bit of feminism and withal a very business-like personage." Glee Club, Operetta '18-'19, Editorial Staff, Hoop-Pole.

Belva is the "pick" of the class, for she has those laughing brown eyes and much envied dimples. Wherever she goes she takes the sunshine of her spirit, causing everyone about her to be happy.

She has no trouble with her studies for she works with a merry zest and easily overcomes the obstacles that she finds in her path.



John E. Doerr, Jr.
"Dopy"

"With eyes that look'd into the very soul—
Bright, and as black and burning as a coal."

Class Attorney, Glee Club, Operetta '19.

"Under the Lion's Paw."

Dopy, as he is known to all, is one of our "real" boys. He can be seen almost any time in his little Ford racer, and not always alone either. Did you hear the lion growl?

Mary Louise Fitton
"Mary Lou"

"Wisdom alone builds pyramids and her pyramids shall stand when Egypt's fall."

Class Secretary, Class Poet, Class Prophetess, Secretary Glee Club, Secretary of J. H. S. Pioneer '16, Hoop-Pole Jr. Staff, Operetta '18-'19, "Under the Lion's Paw", "The Hero of the Gridiron".

Mary Louise is one of our most intelligent Seniors. She is loved by all and M. V. H. S. will hate to lose her. She does her part of the work for she is our poet and prophetess.

Lucile O. Haas
"Ceil"

"There is sunshine in her smile and music in her tone."

Editorial Staff, Hoop-Pole, Glee Club, Operetta '18-'19, "Under the Lion's Paw".

Lucile is a fine all-around girl and has more friends than she can count. Her voice is one of the best things about the Glee Club.

Frank M. Harlem
"Monk"

"No great men are original." Business Staff, Hoop-Pole, Operetta '19, Glee Club, Basketball '19.

Frank is very energetic and has proved it by completing his course in three years. He has a contagious smile.

Elfreda M. Hironimus
"Freedie"

"Humor has justly been regarded as the finest perfection of genius." Joke Editor, Glee Club, Basketball '16-'17-'18-'19.

Everyone has a good time when Elfreda is around. She is never still, but always entertaining someone. She has shown us what she can do by her work in basketball.



Hazel Kagle

"An intellect of highest worth,
A heart of purest gold."
Hazel is very studious and ranks
among the best students of M. V. H. S.
Her sweet and optimistic disposition
soon changes all her acquaintances into
friends. She is sure to make her mark
in the world.

Beulah M. Karnes "Bootz"

"And her sunny locks,
Hang on her temples like a golden
bee,"
Glee Club, Operetta '18-'19, Basket-
ball '17-'18.

Beulah's disposition is just as sunny
and golden as her hair. A quiet girl
but one who is always in for every-
thing.

Helen Keck "Kecky"

"Black eyes with a wondrous, witch-
ing charm."

Business Manager Hoop-Pole, Treas-
urer of J. H. S. Pioneer '16, Athletic
Board of Control '17-'18, "The Hero of
the Gridiron", Glee Club, Operetta '18-
'19, Hoop-Pole Jr. Staff, "Under the
Lion's Paw", Basketball '16-'17-'18-'19.

Kecky is one of our very popular
Senior girls, well liked by everyone.
You can see that her High School ca-
reer has been a busy one.

Olive E. Kincheloe

"My tongue within my lips I reign."
Glee Club, Operetta '18.

In Olive we have an ever studious
Senior and we all feel sure that some
of these days the results of her dilig-
ence will come to the light of the
whole world.

Wayne D. Klotz "Sophie"

"Quiet always, of somewhat sober
mien."

Wayne is so tall he must be looked
at in sections, but when you know him
all, you'll find him a fine fellow.



Herbert Kreie "Herb"

"O, it is excellent to have a giant's strength,
But it is tyrannous to use it like a giant."

Basketball '15-'16-'17-'18-'19, Captain '18, Football '16-'17.

Herb is a strong man and derives much satisfaction from the fact. During his four year course he was always engaged in Athletics and didn't bother much about "the women". He has more letters than any other member of the class of '19.

Jessie Lamb

"Wit is the flower of imagination." Glee Club, Debating '16, Discussion '17, Oratory '18, Basketball '19, Hoop-Pole Junior Staff.

Jessie is our jolliest Senior. She has a joke for every minute in the day and therefore we all enjoy being in her classes. With all her fun Jessie knows when and how to be serious.

Louise Leffel

"Silence is wisdom and better than any speech."

Glee Club, Editorial Staff Hoop-Pole, Operetta '18, Hoop-Pole Junior Staff.

Louise is a girl of few words, but all who know her know she is to be trusted. Her specialty is her cheerful giggle.

M. Fern Leipold "Tad"

"Yet all the lads they smile on me." Class Song, Business Staff Hoop-Pole, Glee Club, Operetta '18-'19, "Under the Lion's Paw", "The Hero of the Gridiron."

Fern is one of our merriest Seniors. She is well liked by everyone, especially by those of the other sex. We are quite sure she will be a famous musician some day for her talent is plainly shown in the Class Song.

Bernard Luebbermann

"Give me a lever long enough And a prop strong enough And I can single-handed, move the world."

Vice-President, Debating '19, Glee Club, Operetta '19, Business Staff Hoop-Pole, Editor-in-Chief Hoop-Pole Junior, Football '17, "Under the Lion's Paw."

If you want an argument, approach Bernard, but if you don't want to be convinced, beware, for he'll make you think that black is white. We advise him to be a hypnotist.



Mary Elizabeth Mackey
"Mackey"

"A daughter of the gods, divinely fair, and most divinely tall,"
Basketball '16-'17-'18-'19, Operetta '18-'19, Glee Club, Assistant Editor of *J. H. S. Pioneer* '16, Class Historian, "Under the Lion's Paw", "The Hero of the Gridiron".

Mackey is always to be found at the "center" not only in basketball but in everything else worth while. She has the gift of doing everything well; and let's not forget her eyes.

Olivia M. Martin
"Mike"

"The only way to have a friend is to be one."

Olivia is rather quiet but very popular with those who know her well. She intends to enter Lockyear's. We are sure she will make someone a very competent stenographer.

Esther H. Menzies
"Capt"

"On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;
No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet."

Business Staff Hoop-Pole, Glee Club, Operetta '18-'19, "Under the Lion's Paw".

Esther is one of our jolly Seniors. Lessons never cause her trouble. Light is her heart, and as light, her feet. Many girls envy her art of "proposing"; so come what may, she is ready for Leap Year 1920.

James Morlock
"Jimmie"

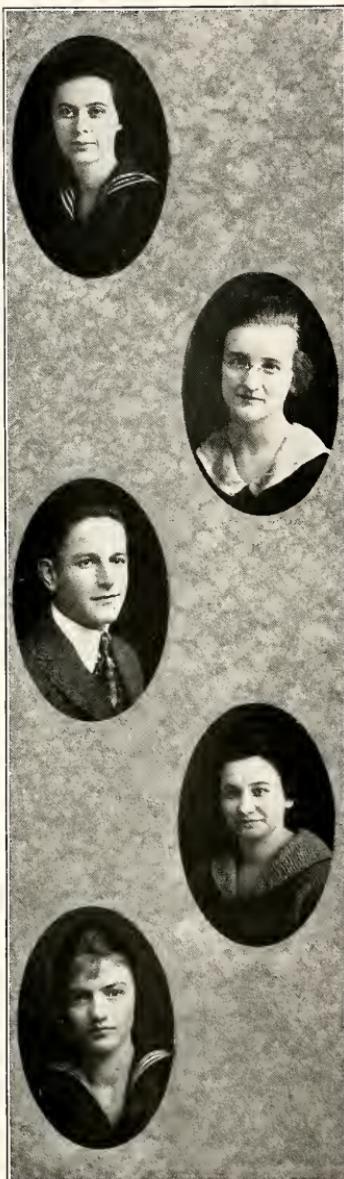
"Affliction is enamoured of thy parts and thou are addicted to calamity."
Class Treasurer, Glee Club, Operetta '19, "Under the Lion's Paw".

Jimmie is our Class bank. We all like him because the expression on his face shows he has a pleasant outlook on life. We wonder whether he wore this same expression during his misfortunes.

Leila Madge Oliver

"O! blessed with temper whose unclouded ray
Can make to-morrow cheerful as to-day."
Class Artist, Glee Club, Operetta '18-'19, Basketball '17-'18.

Madge is one of our sweet girl graduates. She possesses dark, sparkling eyes and an abundance of black hair, together with a merry temper. She also has great artistic ability and she is our class artist.



Jessie C. Pritchard "Jess"

"Her looks do argue her replete with modesty."

Editorial Staff Hoop-Pole.

Jessie is a quiet girl, but she makes her presence felt. All that she does is done well. She likes everyone and everyone likes her.

Lydia E. Riecken

"Virtue alone is the unerring sign of a noble soul."

Lydia is one of our quiet girls, but she has made her four years at school count for much. She has proved a good friend to all who know her.

Arthur R. Robb "Robbie"

"He sayeth little except when occasion demandeth."

Fourth year '17, Glee Club '19, "Under the Lion's Paw".

Arthur is our calm but businesslike classmate. His ambition is to be a doctor but if you saw him in the Senior play, you'll agree that he ought to be an actor.

Marie Souder

"Good temper, like a sunny day, sheds a brightness over everything."

Marie finished her work in M. V. H. S. at the middle of the year and left us. We did not realize how much we could miss her until she was gone. She believes in having her good time and if there is ever anything doing, Marie is right there.

Elizabeth Spencer "Poty"

"I come late, yet I come."

Editorial Staff Hoop-Pole, Advertising Manager Hoop-Pole Junior, "Under the Lion's Paw", Glee Club '17.

Poty, for that is all she is ever called, has a charming way of entertaining the students in her neighborhood, in the assembly. Her jolly, friendly ways are the secret of her charm.



John Alvin Starken

"Every man has his own style like his own nose."

Hoop-Pole Junior Staff, Debating '19, Glee Club, Operetta '19, "Under the Lion's Paw".

John is another one of our Seniors who completed his work in three years. But he did not work all the time, because he believes in the motto, "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy".

Lucile Stiker

"Stig"

"A true friend, always cheerful and plucky".

Glee Club, Operetta '18-'19.

Lucile is good nature personified and has a full appreciation of the enjoyment of life. She is one of the brunettes for which our class is noted.

Edna Marie Sturm

"The sparkle of her eye and the softness of her voice are as the charm upon a magic lute."

Editorial Staff Hoop-Pole.

Edna is a quiet, reserved and industrious girl. She is exceedingly patriotic, for she sent her affections to France at the beginning of the war.

Sabra Sue Sugg

"Susie"

"The most completely lost of all days is that on which one has not laughed."

Business Staff Hoop-Pole, Orchestra, Operetta '18, Basketball '18-'19.

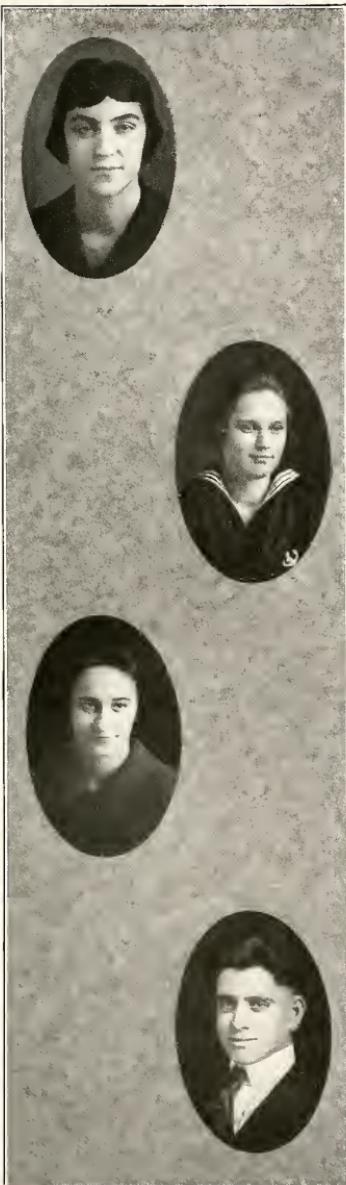
Susie is one of our most popular Senior girls, and is always seeking a good time. She is a talented musician and plays the violin well. She also plays basketball and was one of our star forwards.

Arch J. Thomas

"Arch"

"Good-natured, honest, easy-going lucky."

Arch is everybody's friend. He is very obliging and the life of every crowd. He doesn't approve of work, but is willing to let it alone.



Madeline Vines

"Mat"

"Ne'er downcast, e'en on a rainy day."

Basketball '19.

Mat is an expert in basketball, wit and dancing? Something's always doing when she's around.

Hazel Williams

"Jimmy"

"She has golden hair, like sunlight streaming."

Glee Club '18, Operetta '18, Editorial Staff, Hoop-Pole.

Hazel is not only noted for her beauty and pretty hair, but her sweet disposition and winning smiles have won her many friends.

Gladys M. Woodward

"Eppie"

"Gentle of speech, beneficent of mind."

Glee Club, Operetta '18-'19, Editorial Staff, Hoop-Pole.

Gladys is another one of our pretty girls. She is planning to be a dignified school ma'am. We know she will succeed with the latter but we are not so sure about the dignified.

Lawrence Woodward

"Woodward"

"I am not in the roll of common men."

Football '17, Orchestra '18, "Hero of the Gridiron".

Lawrence is a good-natured fellow, never without a smile. He was in the '17 football team and did some excellent playing. He also played the solo cornet in the orchestra. Lawrence likes beauty and doesn't care who knows it.

CLASS POEM

A band of mariners are we,
A strong and valiant crew,
And in our ship Nineteen-nineteen
We sail the ocean blue.

Our number is just forty-four,
All picked with greatest care.
And from our mast the Blue and Gold
Our flag, floats in the air.

We have a skilful captain
Our sturdy craft to guide,
And, to assist him, three good mates,
Who stand firm at his side.

"Out of the harbor into the sea"
Our ship has made its way,
And forward still, with never a stop,
We'll sail until some day

We'll anchor in a harbor fair
In the Land of Dreams-come-true,
And on the mountain peak Success
We'll plant the Gold and Blue.

—Mary Louise Fitton.



CLASS SONG

In that river valley
There's to be a rally,
For they've kept a tally
On the class held dear.
Greeting, for the class is meeting,
And the drums loud beating
You can plainly hear.

Chorus

M. V. H. S., we will proudly flaunt our banner to the skies,
M. V. H. S., you are the place that we will always idolize;
M. V. H. S., where they surely put the classes to the test,
M. V. H. S., we are sure that you think that we're the best.

2

We will bear in mind
That you've been so kind,
And you'll really find
That we hate to leave.
Sighing like the night wind dying,
Soft our hearts are crying;
For these days we'll grieve.

—Fern Leipold.

Handed by
Samuel Gold

Class Song

Music by Wallace
and Steele

Handed by
Samuel Gold

Class Song

Music by Wallace
and Steele

Chorus

1

1/2

CLASS HISTORY

The Legendary Age

Whilom, in ye darke ages a smalle compaignye of scholars sette out in search of learnynge. They journeyed for six years in a most worthi lande ycleped Ye Central School, where was layed the firme foundation for their later wondrouse knowledge.

From this lande they wandered to a fairer and more gloriouse contree ycleped Ye Grammar School. There this smalle compaignye grew in nombre, that is to seye, many other scholars joined the bande from strange landes. Now at this tyme the worthi art of printinge was not developed to a great extent and this compaignye fain would labor to publische a paper, Ye Grammar School Tatler, which would telle about the many dyverse peoples who dwell in this excellent lande and also concerning their dyverse maneres and lawes. By the use of the hectograph one most interesting edition was printed by their determined efforts, although with muche difficultie. This first attempte at journalysme forecasted grete literarie achievements in store for them in later years. Alas! the times and customs were too strongly arrayed against them, and so the Tatler ended. However, the years passed profitably and swiftly and their sojourn in this lande soon ended.

Epoch I

They passed safely from ye darke medieval ages, that is to seye, the noble compaignye came to the contree of Ye Junior High School, which was a still fairer lande. At this tyme knyghtes of grete strengthe and the gentyllestes of damyselles joined their nombre from farther contrees. Many grevouze obstacles there were to be overcome, but this vertouse bande defeated eache in turne.

One faire day, by adventure or by cas, it bifel that the thought of publisching a chronicle of the noble deeds of this illustrouse compaignye occurred to them. Ful many a difficultie did they encounter while striving to attayne this goal, but success finally crowned their efforts and a most precyouse volume ycleped Ye Pioneer did they presente to the worlde. This unusual attaynmente was unheard of heretofore, and to this day has so remayned.

The latter parte of this period was filled with darke forebodyngs because the compaignye was soon to leave this faire lande, to travel unknowne paths to a distant and greter contree. Many tales had reached their ears both gude and bad and therefore were they muche disturbed.

Epoch II

But lo! upon the arrivalle of the noble bande did they discover that this new contree, Ye Senior High School, was by farre the most wonderfull, pasynge alle the others. The inhabitants of this fairest lande informed them that they had escaped a most degrading and humiliating residence in a certayne cytee ycleped Ye Freshman by their sojourn of a year in ye lande of Junior High. Therefore the compaignye considered themselves fortunate indeed. The cytee in which they now dwelte was ycleped Ye Sophomore, and as this compaignye was already noted for its wondrouse abilitee and unusual attaynments, this cytee at once increased in importance and the other inhabitants of the lande of Ye Senior High School soon began to regarde it with awe.

Now, the Knyghtes of the Gridiron had distinguished themselves muchly, and so the damyselles of this compaignye rewarded their merits by giving them a banquet on the festival of Hallowe'en. The learned facultye also attended the partie as the guests of honoure.

After tarrying a year in this cytee of Sophomore the compaignye moved onwarde to the better knowne cytee of Ye Junior.

Epoch III

The cytee of Ye Junior was immediately raised to a foremost place in the land of Ye Senior High School, because this worthi bande took such an unusuale interest in alle the many different activites of the contree. That is to seye, so important was the compaignye that there were no grete undertakyngs in alle the lande in which some of the vertouse compaignye did not take parte.

Then the learned faculte decyded that the members of the Athletic Association of the contree of Ye Senior High should be allowed to presente at this tyme a play ycleped The Hero of the Gridiron. Many of the gloriouse compaignye of the cytee of Junior were chosen to be in this play, and these, of a certaynty, did prove their wondrouse histrionic talent. Of course, since these knyghtes and damyselles tooke part, the play was very successfull and everyone enjoyed it immensely.

The next activitee in which the excellent bande took another important part was the Operetta ycleped The Gipsy Queen, which was given by the Glee Club of Ye Senior High School. The majority of the members of the cast were inhabitants of the cytee of Ye Junior. The Operetta was quite spectaculare and everyone presed it highly. It also served to show what rare abilitie had the singers and dancers from this worthi compaignye frome Ye Junior.

The tyme soon drew nye for the noble bande to depart from this cytee in which they dwellte, but before leaving they revived the ancient custome of giving a reception for the ones who were leaving the cytee of Ye Senior. One of the damyselles offered her home for this partie, and there they entertainyd the learned faculte and those who were departing from Ye Senior. Soon afterwards the compaignye tooke up its journey onwarde to the cytee of Ye Senior.

Epoch IV

Now, this noted bande assumed the grete responsibilitees of dwelling in the most wondrouse cytee of Ye Senior, and carried on alle the affairs with prese-worthi facilitee and ease. The cytee grew to double its former importance, and this compaignye so ably tooke the lead in every activitee that they became the most distinguished ones of alle the inhabitants who had ever dwelte in the cytee of Ye Senior.

Alle the undertakyngs were progressing finely at the beginning of their sojourn when suddenly a mysteriouse scourge ycleped Ye Flu afflicted many of the dwellers in Ye Lande of Senior High. Alle industree ceased indefinitely. However, the sturdy inhabitants overcame this dread disease and the activitees were begun again after an intervalle of nine weeks. They shouldered the heavie burdens of increased worke bravely, but with difficultie, and after a period of six weeks there was a grete revallie of learnyng which soon broughte the worke up to the former high standarde. Thus the noble compaignye passed safely through this darke period.

The athletes from this bande were always noted for their prowess, and although in this yeare the scourge of Ye Flu caused many seriouse difficulties and delays, nevertheless they kepte up their fine record. The gentylleste of damyselles now developed into myghte Amazons in the worthi arte of basketball. Six damyselles from the cytee of Ye Senior were amone those who composed the team which was declared Champion of the Pockett. Team after team sente from neighborynge contrees met this wondrouse one, only to go down in defeat.

Shortly after the close of the basketball season the Glee Clubs, composed of both damyselles and knyghtes of Ye Senior High, began practice on an operetta ycleped Bulbul. They worked steadily and earnestly, and on March 28 the operetta was presented to a large and appreccyaty audience, which declared it a grete success. As was their custome, the worthi compaignye from Senior took an important parte in this activitee.

"Whan that Aprille with his shoures soote
The droghte of Marche hath perced to the roote,"

practice was begun on the Senior play. The worthi bande did not have tyme to recover from the strenuose worke on the operetta, but nothing daunted, they courageously undertooke this next grande enterprise in their usual unexcelled manner. To telle it yow as shortely as I may: This play was ycleped Under the Lion's Paw, and was quite deepe and difficulte to presente, the heaviest play that had ever been attempted by any dwellers in the cytee of Ye Senior. Many obstacles confronted them in this endeavore, the greatest being the maladye ycleped Ye Mumps, which truly played havoc among the inhabitants and many prominent ones were stricken. However, the play was indeed a strikyng success and a grete accomplishment to the credite of this wondrouse compaignye.

On Class Day this noted bande introduced the ceremonie of the Hoop-pole in the lande of Senior High. The leader of this compaignye presented Ye Hoop-pole to the people who dwelte in the cytee of Ye Junior with the instruction that they in turne should hande it downe the following year. This Hoop-pole, with the colors of each worthi compaignye or class tied upon it, will be a token of the noble deeds of each compaignye through all the coming yeares.

Thus the chronicles of the sojourn of this wondrouse bande in the faire lande of Ye Senior High School come to an ende. The compaignye set out courageously downe the windynge pathe to conquer the dangerouse lande of Ye Worlde and surely Fame, Fortune and Success are waiting for eache and every one of them.

Thus endyth this historie. Ther is nae more to saye.

MARY ELIZABETH MACKEY.



CLASS PROPHECY

At last I am back in Mt. Vernon, after an absence of ten years! And what a difference those years have made! Mt. Vernon is quite a city now; more than that, it is called the "second capital of Indiana," because the Governor and his wife spend so much of their time here. It hardly seems possible that in speaking of the Governor of Indiana and his wife, I am really referring to my old classmates, John Alvin Starken and Helen Keck. John Alvin is considered the most popular chief executive Indiana has had in years, and as for Helen, she is a perfect "first lady of the state."

It is at their home I am staying, and it is here, too, that the Class of 1919 has just held a reunion dinner, planned on our Commencement night. We arranged then that on the tenth anniversary of our graduation, as many as possible would gather in Mt. Vernon for a class banquet. In accordance with that agreement I obtained a vacation from my work as a librarian in Buffalo, and came back to Mt. Vernon.

I was met at the station by Gladys Basler. She is Helen's social secretary, and a most efficient one. However, I understand she is to be married soon to an Indianapolis lawyer.

As we left the station and approached the waiting taxi, Gladys asked me whether I noticed anything familiar about it, and, to my surprise, I read, in letters of gold on the blue car, Kreie's Taxi Service.

"Does that mean Herb Kreie?" I asked.

"Yes," replied Gladys. "Herb owns every taxi in the city. He is one of the most prosperous and influential men here. You will see him at the dinner."

"Do you see that large building on the corner?" she went on, as the car started. "That's the Mammoth Hotel, owned by Oswald Benner. Oswald decided that Mt. Vernon needed a modern hotel, and that he would see to it that she got one. The Mammoth is the result."

"He certainly seems to have succeeded," I answered, gazing at the handsome building.

Just then the taxi stopped before a pretty little tearoom, and Gladys said: "I must go in here to see whether the placecards are ready. If you will come with me, I believe you'll find some old friends."

So together we entered the shop. When I noticed the sign, The Blue and Gold Tearoom, I knew that the "old friends" would be members of the Class of '19.

Sure enough, I was at once greeted by Gladys Woodward and Hazel Williams. While Hazel went to get the placecards, Gladys explained to me: "Hazel and I went into partnership soon after we finished school, and we have certainly done well. You see, although we call this a tearoom, and handle all sorts of things, our specialty is our candy."

When I had been taken through the spotless kitchen with its rows of busy girls, and had sampled the candy they made, I well understood the success of the Blue and Gold.

Then we told the girls good-bye, knowing that we should see them in the evening.

"There is something else I want you to see," said Gladys, as our taxi started on again. "It's the work of another of our classmates. We'll pass it in just a moment—here it is now!"

Looking out, I saw a large and beautiful building, surrounded by a lawn set with splendid trees.

"It's our new High School," Gladys explained. "Isn't it a beauty? And it is up to date in every way. You should see the gymnasium and the auditorium, with its splendid stage!"

"And what a beautiful campus! But what has it to do with our class?"

"Why, Hazel Kagle was the architect."

"Hazel an architect?"

"Yes, indeed, and a mighty good one, as that building proves. She is in town now, supervising the building of our new theatre."

Just then we reached our destination, and I was soon being greeted by Helen and John Alvin. I found that they had quite a house party. Belva Davis, now a popular motion picture actress, had stopped over to attend the banquet, on her way to her California studio. Lucile Stiker, Indiana's famous woman Senator, had come on from Washington to be present. Arch Thomas, who, as the most popular author of the day, writes at least three of each year's "six best sellers," and his wife, Madge Oliver Thomas, whose illustrations in Arch's books are one reason for their success, were both there, as were also the members of the Princess Concert Company.

This company, you know, is composed of Lucile Haas, contralto and reader; Susie Sugg, violinist, and Fern Leipold, pianist. Jessie Pritchard is the manager of the company. To quote Jessie, "When three artists as brilliant and talented as these, who have been so successful individually, unite in one company, the public may confidently expect that company to be the best of its kind." Which shows that Jessie certainly possesses confidence in her organization. And indeed it would be hard to find either a better company or a better manager.

By the time all greetings had been exchanged, it was growing late, and we separated to dress for the evening.

When we gathered in the drawing-room a little later, we found that several other guests had arrived. Marie and Hazel were there, also Herb and Oswald, and others whom I had neither seen nor heard of since my return. Beuford All dredge and his wife, formerly Beulah Karnes, had come in from their model farm, a few miles out of the city, where they raise the best corn of the state, a fact proved by the many prizes they have won. Then, Bernard Luebbermann, Mt. Vernon's most prominent lawyer, whose skill in pleading his cases is so great that he never loses, and Lawrence Woodward, owner of the city's leading drug store, had also arrived.

As we were greeting them, the butler announced several others—Grace Blackburn, Louise Leffel, Hazel Kagle, James Morelock, and Arthur Robb.

I learned that Grace is a successful photographer here. Her skill is so great that she pleases all her patrons, and she has won several prizes with her artistic pictures. I heard her arranging with Belva for some sitting, to be entered in the next National contest.

Louise Leffel is owner and publisher of the Western Star, the leading newspaper of Southern Indiana. Both John Alvin and Lucile say that they owe much of their success in their recent campaigns to her support, so great is her influence on public opinion.

Arthur Robb is a doctor, recognized as one of the leaders of his profession. He is called to all parts of the country in consultation, but still makes Mt. Vernon his home.

James is an inventor, a second Edison. He has just perfected a perpetual motion machine. Despite the fact that scientists believed for years that no such machine could possibly be made, James decided to try, and now has the satisfaction of having produced one of the most wonderful inventions the world has ever known.

After a few minutes taken up by greetings and reminiscences, dinner was announced; but just then we heard a noise outside. A car swept down the street and stopped suddenly before the house. A moment's silence was followed by a loud ringing of the bell, and then we were all welcoming John Doerr and Albert Crowe.

"We've just made a new record on the Indianapolis course and I believe we made another getting here on time," said Albert.

"But we did it!" put in Dopy. "And I'm certainly glad to be here. Why, I haven't been in Mt. Vernon since I used to drive my little Ford!" And now he is a famous racing driver, and Albert is his mechanician. Together they have set more new records than even Ralph DePalma in his best days.

Then we made our way into the great dining-room, which was beautifully decorated for the occasion. Blue and gold were the colors used, of course, and Ward roses and valley lilies the flowers, Hoop-Poles with their bright colors, appeared on the place-cards, and, in miniature, formed the favors.

Surely no gayer dinner was ever enjoyed than the one which followed. We had so much to say and so many things to recall that it was late when we finished and rose to sing our Class Song. Then John Alvin said,

"Helen and I are delighted that so many of you have been able to attend this dinner. But those who can not be here have thought of us, and I have messages from all of them. I can also tell you where they are and what they are doing.

"I'll begin with Mary Elizabeth Mackey. As you may know, she is an actress, probably the most popular American actress today. Billie Burke is nowhere beside her. Her plays are all successful, and no wonder, for they are written by those well known playwrights, the Blackburns,—in other words, Elisha and Elfreda."

"And the combined wit of those two couldn't produce anything that wasn't successful," struck in Bernard. "But why are none of them here?"

"Their latest production, 'A Word to the Wise,' is just opening on Broadway," explained John Alvin, "so, of course, none of the three can leave. But they all send greetings and best wishes.

"The next message," he continued, "is from Madeline Vines. Madeline once planned to be a school teacher, you know, but she decided she was fitted for higher spheres, so she took up aviation. Now she is carrying mail for Uncle Sam from New York to Chicago, and is noted for her skill and daring."

"Then she displays the same qualities in flying that she used to make use of in playing basketball," commented Susie.

"Frank Harlem is a banker in New York, and is becoming a power in the financial world. He is interested in more than one important deal, both here and in England. He has been heard to say that he owes his success first to M. V. H. S., and second to Yale, so he evidently sees things from the proper viewpoint.

"Then here are several letters from the West. Olive Kincheloe and Olivia Martin have bought a large tract of land in California, and are raising—

"Olives, of course!" cried Fern.

"Exactly, and they say that, whatever the cause may be, they certainly have a finer grove than anyone near them. Now who can say there's nothing in a name?"

"Jessie Lamb is in the West, too, in Denver. She teaches French there, and writes in her spare time, for she is as clever as ever. Her name is to be found in the 'Table of Contents' of more than one magazine."

"Good for Jessie!" exclaimed Lucile. "I always knew she'd make a name for herself!"

"This letter," and as he spoke, John Alvin held up one with a queer foreign post-mark, "has come from Chili. Mark Crunk and Wayne Klotz are detectives, the best known in the country. They are engaged now on one of the biggest cases they have ever handled, and the chase has taken them to South America. I don't know what sort of a criminal they are pursuing, but I do know they will catch him."

"Yes," agreed Herb. "They belong to the Class of 1919, so of course they will finish successfully whatever they start. But it must be hard for Wayne to disguise himself as all detectives should."

"I should think they could easily disguise as Mutt and Jeff," suggested Beuford.

"Then here's a letter from Mary Ellen. She specialized in athletics after leaving High School, and then was athletic director in the schools of several Indiana cities. She was a great success of course, and coached more than one champion team. She is married now, but her husband is an athlete, too, and she is helping him train for next year's Olympic Games.

"Our President, Tom Boyce, finished his training at Annapolis after graduating, and is now a lieutenant on one of America's finest battleships. Unfortunately, it is stationed in the Philippines, so he can only send us this message."

"Out of the harbor into the sea," quoted Lucile, thoughtfully.

"Well," said Jessie, "If Tom is as good a leader now as he used to be, he'll be an admiral yet."

"No doubt all you girls read the new magazine, 'The Modern Woman', but did you know that Edna Sturm is Editor-in-Chief and Lydia Riecken business manager?" asked John Alvin.

"What!" cried Beulah. "Then that explains it! I've often wondered why that magazine is so good and grows so fast. But now I understand: it's the spirit of 1919 behind it."

"Here's a telegram from Esther Menzies. Esther is a composer of rag-time, now, and as you all know how gifted she has always been in that line, it isn't necessary to tell you how popular her songs are. Two of her recent successes are: 'Darling, Will You Marry Me?' and 'I Can't Be Bothered.' She insists, however, that there is no connection between the two. Marie Souder, as her private secretary and representative, helps her make contracts and collect royalties.

"Elizabeth Spencer writes that only the opening of her new Fifth Avenue shop keeps her from being here."

"You see," broke in Helen, "Potty has done what few ever do—created a new profession. She calls herself a style expert, and her specialty is advising all who consult her as to what to wear and why and how. In other words, she furnishes good taste to those who need it, and so is a real benefactor."

"Her message is the last," said John Alvin, "and now every member of our class has been represented here. Over half are present, and we have heard from all the rest. This has been a real reunion. May we always be as loyal. And now let us drink a toast to the Class of 1919."

And as we rose and stood with glasses held high, this is the toast he gave us:

"Here's to the Class of Nineteen-Nineteen,
And here's to the Gold and Blue!
The passing years many changes have seen,
But they find us still as true
As steel to our class, and so tonight,
Together we stand as of old,
And we only hope that the future bright
Not a single change will hold.
Then fill your glasses and drink one toast
To the best class ever seen,
To this, our own, our pride, our boast,
The Class of Nineteen-Nineteen!"

Mary Louise Fitton.

CLASS WILL

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF THE CLASS OF NINETEEN-NINETEEN

We, of the Class of the Year One Thousand Nine Hundred Nineteen, being about to depart from this harbor of good times and little hard work, and being in full possession of the knowledge that we acquired in four long years; do hereby take the privilege to publicly declare this our last will and testament in the manner following:

To the faculty of dear old M. V. H. S. we will many perfect recitations, the said recitations to be divided equally among the different departments.

Bernard Luebbermann and John Alvin Starken will their system of "getting by" to all students who have not developed a system of their own.

Madge Oliver leaves her "bangs" to Mayme Cowen.

To Bobbie Weir, Esther Menzies wills all her winning ways, the said ways to be used only when Bobbie is conversing with the fair sex.

Wayne Klotz wills several of his surplus feet of height to Bascom Goodwin. Wayne also leaves a ladder to anyone who might wish to know how it feels to be so high in the air.

The Senior boys will to all underclassmen who frequent the conversation room of the Smokewell, a large omnibus. The said vehicle shall be used at noon to carry all students to High School who happen to be at said place at 12:45 P. M. The above bequest is made in the hope that it will relieve Mr. Sandefur of making the announcement, "Don't Loaf on the Corner".

To Douglas Dixon, Herb Kreie wills his athletic record with hopes that Douglas will use his massive frame in trying to equal the said record.

Jessie Lamb wills her brand of rouge to any of the girls who may use all their own supply in one application.

Lawrence Woodward wills the dictionary, which is in the southwest corner of the assembly, to any person whose seat happens to be in the northeast corner of the assembly. Lawrence asks that the said dictionary be used only for the purpose of looking up words put there by Webster.

Fern Leipold wills a car load of Victrola Records to the High School, with the instructions, that one record be played each morning during the chapel period.

Belva Davis wills her dimples to Mary Wave Tudor in order that Mary Wave may have another reason for smiling.

Madeline Vines wills her pleasing disposition to Adebela French.

James Morlock wills the corner of his eye which is to be used as a bank by all future Class Treasurers.

Helen Keck leaves all her letters which she made playing basketball, to Lucile Hempfling.

Beulah Karnes wills her distinguished walk to Estella Oeth.

Mary Louise Fitton leaves her poetic power to David Culley.

The Seniors will their combined deportment grades to William Dietz. This bequest does not carry with it the assurance that Bill get a grade at that.

To Mark Dawson, Arch Thomas leaves his Buick along with a guarantee that the said machine can be depended upon when it is running well.

Oswald Benner wills all his boisterous ways to Paul Dietz.

Beuford Alldredge wills his interest in agriculture to Miss Key in order that she may better cultivate Fields.

Lucile Haas wills to Arthur Thomas, her melodious alto voice. Lucile hopes that Arthur will star in Glee Club next year.

Arthur Robb wills to William Espenschied an air gun with full directions for use.

To each of the Freshmen we will a copy of Miss Smith's favorite saying.

Elisha Blackburn wills Mr. Sandefur a stamping machine to stamp all U's on the report cards.

Marie Souder wills her heart to the assembly room clock, so that it may have a heart to run.

The Seniors will to Alfred Starken, Bobbie Weir and Alfred Daniel, a number of bells and trumpets to be used when they can't otherwise attract attention. The three beneficiaries are instructed not to be selfish but to share their bequest with others whose resources fail.

Elfreda Hironimus and Lydia Riecken will their system of conversing to Charles Lawrence and Mildred Bailey.

Gladys Basler wills her seat in the English IX class to Helen Ruling.

Edna Sturm wills her sense of Humor to Isabelle Hartmann.

Elizabeth Spencer wills her modesty to LaVerne Niblo.

The Class of 1919 leaves to Mr. Burleson, an odorless meerschaum pipe.

Mary Ellen Bateman, the champion basketball player, leaves her championship to Margaret Cooper.

The Seniors in the Commercial Arithmetic class leave to Miss Cauble, two students, Alfred Daniel and Bascom Goodwin, feeling sure that Miss Cauble will always have some one to solve all problems that may be presented.

The Seniors will a number of chairs to Miss Hanshoe, so that all the students who wish to specialize in her department, may be cared for.

Olive Kincheloe wills her beautiful hair to Margaret Sugg.

Grace Blackburn wills her fondness for dress to Jessie May Layer.

Hazel Kagle wills her optimistic outlook upon life to Fred Gill.

Olivia Martin wills her mileage books to Jake Behrick, in order that Jake may be able to go to Evansville oftener than he does.

Jessie Pritchard leaves her voice to Douglas Dixon.

The Class of 1919 wills a hat rack to the High School for special use in the Commercial room.

Mark Crunk wills his interest in the Alumnae of the Class of 1917 to Frederick Bamberger and Paul Dietz in order that they may be prepared for next year.

Frank Harlem leaves his unused baby picture to the Sewing Department, so that the class in Sewing will have a model to dress.

John Doerr wills his dramatic ability, displayed in "Under The Lion's Paw" to Charles Ruminer, so that Charles will be prepared for next year's Senior Play.

Albert Crowe wills his success as a comedian to Bill Dietz.

Mary E. Mackey wills her interest in politics (especially Republican) to Bascom Goodwin.

Susie Sugg wills her violin to the Music Department with the instruction that it be used in next year's Orchestra.

Lucile Stiker wills her extra typewriting paper to the school, hoping that there may be an adequate supply on hand.

Thomas Boyce wills a portable coat rack to Mr. Gempler with the request that he take said rack with him to all games played away from home.

Hazel Williams leaves her fluffy hair to Helen Lawrence.

Louise Leffel wills Lillie Dale Kreie, a diamond ring, so that the world may know it, too.

Gladys Woodward leaves her schedule of classes to Fritz Dietz in order that Fritz may utilize his time next year.

James Morlock wills his rabbit foot that he has carried since the armistice was signed, to Margaret Cooper.

Duly witnessed, sworn to and signed on this twenty-third day of May, One Thousand Nine Hundred Nineteen, in the presence of the Class Officers:

THOMAS E. BOYCE, President.

BERNARD LUEBBERMANN, Vice-President.

MARY LOUISE FITTON, Secretary.

JAMES MORLOCK, Treasurer.

JOHN E. DOERR, Attorney.

Annual Senior Class Play

“Under the Lion’s Paw”

Senior High School Auditorium, Friday Evening, April 25, 1919
At 8:00 O’clock

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Mary Ann, who looks after the domestic wants of the Bennett household....	Mary Ellen Bateman
Rev. Samuel Smudge, who looks after the spiritual wants of his flock.....	Oswald Benner
Caroline Smudge, his spinster sister with a mind of her own....Elizabeth Spencer	
Judge Bennett, the victim of the power of money.....John A. Starken	
Mrs. Bennett, his wife.....Lucile Haas	
Helen Bennett, his daughter.....Mary Elizabeth Mackey	
Ex-Judge Stover, their friend and legal adviser.....Bernard Lubberman	
Miss Webster, whose father is the banker.....Fern Leipold	
James Gordon Baker, the great money Octopus.....John E. Doerr	
Mrs. James Gordon Baker.....Mary Louise Fitton	
Jefferson Baker, their son.....Thomas E. Boyce	
Whimper, their butler.....Beuford Aldredge	
Fitzgeorge Henly, private secretary to Mr. Baker.....Arthur Robb	
Senator Mitchell, a political friend of Mr. Baker.....James Morlock	
Kate Mitchell, his daughter.....Esther H. Menzies	
Expressman	Albert Crowe
Sara, Mrs. Baker’s maid.....Helen Keck	

TimeThe Present

SCENE:

ACT I—Parlor in Bennett cottage in a small Long Island village. Under the Lion’s Paw. The game begins.

ACT II—Inner private library in the Baker mansion. Six weeks later. The little mouse slips in. The boy enters the game. Socre one for the girl.

ACT III—Same as Act II two months later. Night. Defeated.

ACT IV—Helen’s apartments in the Baker establishment. Next morning.

Class Song1919 Class



ACT I—Mary Webster: "I am so glad to have met you, Mrs. Bennett. You will call and see us, won't you? Papa will be glad to see you at the bank or at our home, over the bank."

2058399



ACT II—Kate Mitchell: "Oh, I was looking at a-a book."



ACT III—Kate Mitchell: “Oh I don’t mind! You know where to write, Fitz.”



ACT III—James Gordon Baker: “You! you Helen Bennett—— You”

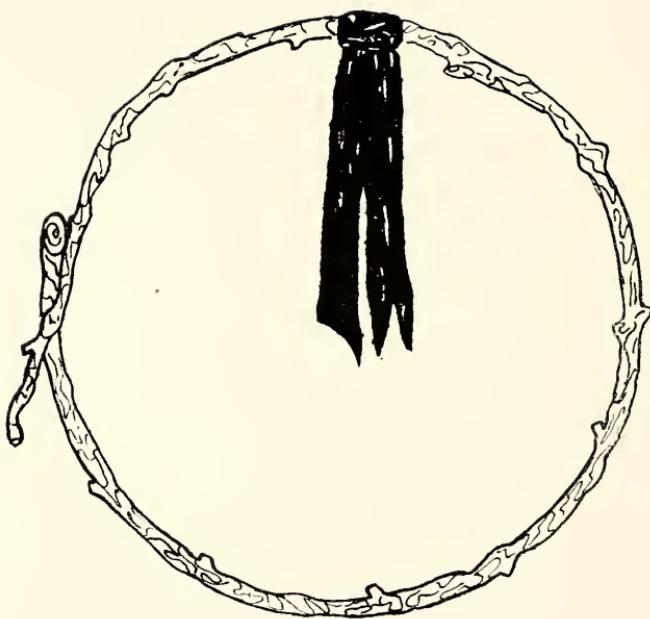


ACT IV—Mrs. James Gordon Baker: "What shall I do without you? Oh dear, I call it downright desertion!"



THE CAST: "In other things the knowing artist may
Judge better than the people; but a play,
(Made for delight, and for no other use)
If you approve it not, has no excuse".

EDMUND WALLER—Prologue to the Maid's Tragedy.



Presentation Speech

President Thomas E. Boyce

I speak for the Nineteen-Nineteen Class. Four years ago when we entered H. S. we fondly imagined that when we came to this day, the day that our school tradition has set apart for its Seniors, we should be happy. But now we have reached this goal and we have come with mingled feelings of joy and pride and regret—the feeling of joyful relief with which we looked forward has changed to sorrow as we look backward over the carefree happy days we have passed here.

During our four years' stay here we have tried to do the things that would reflect credit upon the school. We have done our best in work and in play and without undue pride we can say we feel that we have left our mark. But this we know, and it is this that causes us regret—that after today, the 1919 Class will no longer hold first place in the activities of the school, will no longer be a source of envy and admiration to you underclassmen and a source of pride to the faculty. We realize that you who are members of the 1920 Class are waiting for us to pass that you may assume your rightful and long ordained place in the life of this school. We are willing to resign our place to you but we are not willing to be forgotten, so long ago we decided to leave behind us some material token—something that would daily remind you of us and we believe that nothing could be more fitting than this Hoop-Pole, emblem of the spirit and courage of the founders of our town. We want this Hoop-Pole to express the spirit of the 1919 Class, that spirit and that love that always stood back of dear old M. V. H. S. and which will ever in all the days to come stay with us to help us in whatever we may undertake. We have tied our colors here, the Blue and Gold. The gold for the happy times we have enjoyed here—the blue for our faith that in all the land there is no place so dear as our own Mt. Vernon High.

Now we give our place to you, Seniors of the coming year, and this is the symbol of our surrender. Be yours the privilege to uphold and advance the spirit of our High School and when all too soon it becomes your duty to surrender to another class may you feel as we do now, that you surrender to true and loyal upholders of the spirit for which our school stands.

The Reply from the Juniors

Fritz Dietz

As representative of the 1920 class I receive this Hoop-Pole, and in behalf of the class I thank you for the confidence you have shown us, in thus leaving in our hands this token of love and loyalty to our school. But I assure you that it is not necessary that you leave any material token by which to be remembered, for the work that you have accomplished for the good name of our school will always remain uppermost in our minds. We will always think of you as the class that never attempted anything that it did not accomplish, as the class that did something not only to advance itself, but to advance the school.

But we accept the trust, and will endeavor to take up the work where you leave off. It shall be our privilege to uphold and advance the spirit for which your class is known, and when we add our colors here to your gold and blue, we only hope we may feel that the memory of our class will be cherished as yours will be.

May the spirit which has made you famous among the classes of M. V. H. S. go with you through life, and lead you to success and happiness.

THE HOOP-POLE CEREMONY

In the early part of the nineteenth century, when the flatboat traffic on the Ohio was at its height, Mt. Vernon was the rivermen's headquarters for Southern Indiana. In 1833, occurred the famous fight between the Mt. Vernon coopers and the river pirates, in which the coopers defended themselves with hoop-poles. Since that date, Black Township has been generally known as Hoop-Pole Township, and the hoop-pole itself has been Mt. Vernon's emblem.

With this in mind, the Class of 1919, wishing to leave some legacy to the classes of the future, some material reminder of their influence, decided to institute the Hoop-Pole ceremony. Therefore, on Class Day, the Juniors, as the first of those future classes, were presented with a Hoop-Pole, with the request that they, in turn, present it to their successors, and keep the chain unbroken.

THE JUNIORS ENTERTAIN THE SENIORS

The Juniors gave their reception for the Seniors and Faculty on May 2 at the beautiful home of Frederick Hagemann just west of the city. Various games and contests were enjoyed by Juniors, Seniors and Faculty, alike.

The class colors, gold and blue, were in evidence everywhere—in the decorations, favors and in the dainty refreshments.

As a farewell, the Seniors sang their class song to which the 1920 class responded with a yell for 1919.

DINNER FOR SCHOOL BOARD

Miss Whiting's Cooking 111 class served six o'clock dinner April 18, 1919, to the school board and five other guests. Place cards and decorations of yellow and white, suggestive of Easter, were used and successfully carried out.

Menu

Fruit Cocktail	Cheese Wafers
Baked Chicken	Gravy
Mashed Potatoes	
Asparagus on Toast	
Egg and Lettuce Salad	
Apricot Sherbet	Cake
Coffee	Nuts

"THE HOOP-POLE JUNIOR"

Our school paper, "The Hoop-Pole Junior", was first published during the middle of the last semester by the Business English class. It is the result and outgrowth of a short study of journalism by the students under the supervision of Miss Hanshoe.

Following the success of this first number, a meeting was called for those students interested in continuing the paper. The response to this call plainly showed that the high school approved of the plan. It was decided that the paper be continued and the staff was chosen from the large number present.

The later numbers have been as successful as the first and we hope and trust that our little paper may live and grow. Though we cannot all remain to give our services toward its publication, we will watch and cherish it from afar, and gladly help in any way possible.



THE STAFF

Bernard Luebberman	Editor-in-Chief
Harry Boyce	Assistant Editor
William Dietz.....	Circulation Manager
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THE HOOP-POLE JUNIOR

VOLUME ONE

MT. VERNON, IND., APRIL 8, 1919

NUMBER ONE

Operetta Bulbul Big Success.

The operetta Bulbul, given in the High school auditorium, Friday evening at eight o'clock was one of the most successful musical numbers ever presented here. The boys and girls' glee club showed splendid talent. The unusually large crowd was delighted with the entire program.

Effective costumes, well trained chorus and admirable stage presence showed time and work. Miss Key, supervisor of music and art, directed the operetta. As pianist, Marywave Tudor gave splendid expression to the music.

Ardath Williams, as Bulbul, a beautiful daughter of the monarch, Iamit, won the hearts of the entire audience. Her perfect poise and well trained voice made her a strong character in the cast.

William Dietz as Iamit, a well meaning but fussy monarch, showed rare stage ability and kept the audience laughing.

As Caspian, the lover of Bulbul, Frederick Bamberger did some clever acting.

Throughout the play, Ida Mae Bateman cleverly presented the part of Lilla, the idol of Allain's love. Charles Ruminer as Allain, could not have been excelled.

The humorous comments, introduced by Esther Menzies, as Ida, court chaperon, were especially entertaining.

The parts of Daisy, keeper of the royal spectacles, carried by the bass voice of James Pearson, and Justo, the keeper of the royal cash, carried by the tenor voice of Clay Dixon, were especially well chosen.

Other than the main characters, the choruses of housemaids, peddlers, maid of honor, friends of Allain and the soldiers, introduced many songs full of harmony.

The operetta was well chosen and acted without fault. Much credit is due Miss Key and the cast.

Mr. Oliver of this city, agent for the New York Life Insurance Company, gave an interesting talk to the law class, Wednesdays morning. His subject was "The Benefits of Life Insurance to Young People." His discussion was explanatory of legal phases and the value of insurance in general.

Our Hoop-pole Junior.

Greetings Friends:

We take pleasure in introducing to you our little High school paper, the "Hoop-pole Junior."

We have endeavored to make this quite an interesting as well as useful little paper, for what brings success sooner than worth while things.

This is our first attempt at publishing a High school paper, and perhaps it is not perfect, but as the insignificant little rose bud grows and develops into the beautiful and full-blown rose, so we hope to have our Hoop-pole Junior develop from its infancy into a school paper, rivaling any in the State of Indiana.

Base Ball and Track.

A very interesting meeting was held in the assembly, March 18th, to discuss athletics for the spring season. About fifty boys attended the meeting, showing considerable enthusiasm. Base ball and track were considered. After much discussion it was voted that we have both. The first base ball game was played Tuesday, when the Senior High school defeated the Junior High school. A second game is scheduled for the near future. The work on the track has not started as we have no coach.

Senior Play.

The Senior class will give "Under the Lion's Paw" as their class play this year. The cast will be chosen in the near future and practice will begin immediately following the selection of characters. Miss Smith has charge of the Senior class play and her superior ability as a dramatic instructor, is evident from the success of previous plays.

Thomas Boyce has assumed his duties as president of the Senior class. Last semester Thomas attended the Army and Navy Coaching school at Annapolis, Md.

Prof. Maxwell for Morning Exercises.

The students enjoyed an unusual treat Monday morning when Professor Harry Maxwell, of DePauw University, entertained the assembly with several vocal selections. The High school showed its loyal spirit when Prof. Maxwell asked for the school yell. Led by John Doerr, a rousing

Are we weak NO.

Are we strong? YES.

Let's hear the lion roar.

R—R—R-O-A-R soon convinced our visitor that our school was alive.

We thank Prof. Maxwell, who is an able singer and vocal leader, and hope that he will find it possible to be with us again for morning exercises, while he is in our city.

Senior High Defeats Junior High.

The Senior High school base ball team defeated the Junior High school team in an interesting game played on the Commons last Tuesday afternoon. The final score was 12 to 1. Most of the Senior High school scores were made during the latter part of the game. Johnson, Dixon, Alexander and H. Ashworth made four scores during the seventh inning.

Following is the line up of the game:

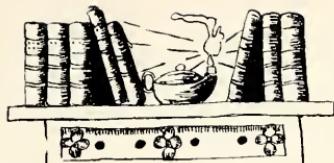
Senior H. S.—Benthal, Hagemann, Johnson, Dixon, Alexander, Ashworth, Boyce, Huetsman and Alldredge.

Junior H. S.—Harp, Rowe, Stiker, Kaiser, Cox, Carr, Riecken, Hanshoe and Phillips.

Discussion Contest.

Mr. Earl DeFur of the Stewartsville High school, received first honors in the discussion contest held in the auditorium of the Stewartsville High school building, Friday night, and will represent Posey county at the first district contest to be held at Evansville, April 11th. Fritz Deitz represented the Mt. Vernon High school and Bernice Zimmerman, New Harmony. The question discussed was "Universal Service for Citizenship."

The class in French II is studying a collection of very interesting French stories, which tell of the French people and their customs.



Madge Oliver '19

LITERARY

SINGING MOUNTAIN

"I really don't know what I am going to do this summer. It is so lonesome at home that I hardly believe I can stay there after school closes. Donald is in France, mother is in Florida and father is in New York, so you see there is no one at home but the servants."

Mary Jamieson was talking to her friend, Ruth Morelin, in Winston Hall College, the day before commencement exercises. Both were Seniors at the Hall. Mary's brother, Donald, had enlisted in the Marine Corps as soon as he had graduated from college the year before. He had been sent across almost immediately. Her mother had gone to Florida with her sister and had not yet returned. Mr. Jamieson was in New York, gathering evidence for a law suit. So there was no one at home at the Jamieson's. Ruth was an orphan, who had worked her way through college, and it was rather hard for her to make any suggestion.

Just as they were talking about the coming vacation, someone knocked on the door and called, "Registered letter for Miss Jamieson".

Mary went to the door and received the letter. She opened it at once and read it. Then she turned to Ruth, holding two railroad tickets in one hand and the letter in the other. "Read this Ruth," she said.

Ruth read, "Mary, I was afraid you would not get this letter before you left college. I just had a letter from your mother and she said that she could not come home for a few weeks on account of Mother's health. So I am sending you an invitation to visit us this summer. I asked Dad about it and he said if I would write to you at once you could come straight from college. So you will find two tickets in this letter. Please bring one of your chums and come as soon as school is out."

"It's from my cousin in Wyoming, Ruth, and here are the tickets. Can you go?"

"I don't like to be imposing on you that way, Mary," was the answer.

"But it's not imposing. She asked me to bring one of my chums and I had rather you would go than any other of my friends. Won't you please go, Ruth?"

Ruth was finally persuaded to go and three days later they boarded a train for the West. After five days travelling they arrived in Cheyenne, from which place the trip was to be continued on horseback.

Mary's cousin, Sylvia Ward, Sylvia's father and one of the boys from the ranch met them. The girls were introduced to Mr. Ward and Andy Royce, the ranch foreman; and after the baggage had been loaded onto the horses, the journey began.

As they rode along Sylvia and Andy told several interesting stories about different places in the mountains. Andy pointed out one mountain in the distance and said, "That is 'Singing Mountain'."

"That is the mountain I was telling you about, Mary," Sylvia said. "Sometime next week we will explore it and try to find out what that 'singing' is. We will get Andy to take us over there."

They travelled for about two hours and came to a little village where they stopped for lunch. Then after a short rest they started again. They finally came to a hill overlooking the ranch and the girls were awed by the scene.

Situated in a valley, with wooded mountains on three sides and the green plain stretching far to the northward on the other, the little ranch-house seemed to fit in the scene, just as if it had been built in from the creation, and had only been altered to be more in keeping with the surroundings.

They soon reached the ranch and Mary and Ruth were shown around the place. They then went out to the corrals and selected the horses for their own use during their stay on the ranch.

The next day the girls stayed at the ranch. After the day's work was over, they strolled around the place, stopping here and there to talk with the ranch-hands or to ask questions about the next day's work. Andy soon joined them and then they had quite a race on horse-back. Andy promised to show Mary an easier way to ride. Thus the week passed happily for all.

One day at noon, Sylvia suggested that they go to "Singing Mountain" the next day. They were all in favor of going, so the next morning at seven they started. Sylvia and Ruth rode ahead, with Andy and Mary close behind them.

It was about four miles to the mountain and by the time they reached it they were glad enough to stop and rest. The girls soon had spread a lunch. After lunch Andy told them that if they wished to hear the "singing" they would have to wait till after noon.

About two o'clock they started for the part of the mountain from which the singing sound came. They tied their horses at the foot of the mountain and continued on foot.

Andy said, "About two years ago I found a cave on the other side of this mountain. It is a hidden cave and from there one can easily tell where and what that noise is. We shall follow this path for a short while and then I will take you to the cave."

The trail led them up the mountain for a few hundred feet and then took to a side path. After about five minutes' walk Andy stopped them and said, "Can you see the mouth of the cave?"

All looked but no one saw anything. So Andy showed them. "You must all watch your step now. And all keep close together. Miss Jamieson, do you care to walk up here with me? It would be safer to go in couples."

So Mary walked with Andy. He explained many peculiarities of the cave and showed her many interesting places in the rock. In one place they found two young bear cubs. Andy suddenly called to them to stop.

"We will have to go single file now. I will take the lead. We go through this narrow opening and we are then in a part of the cave where the 'singing' is distinctly audible."

They stooped and walked fifty yards in that manner. Suddenly they felt a moist wave of air and heard a loud, moaning sound.

"That moisture is from a waterfall just a few yards to the left," said Andy. "We shall now go towards it and as soon as we come to an abrupt end of the path, you will hear a very queer sound. The 'singing' sounds very different here from the 'singing' we hear on the mountain."

When they came to the falls they were awed to see the beauty of the place. Just above and a little in front of the falls they noticed a large opening.

Mary asked Andy whether this opening was visible from the outside.

"It cannot possibly be seen," said Andy. "There is a cliff just below it and a ledge of rock hides it from above. As you can see there is only one time during the day that the light can come through and then one may see all the colors of the rainbow in the mist of the falls. But as to the 'singing,' examine the walls of the cave."

The girls looked and saw that the walls were porous. The rock seemed very soft and the girls wondered what had caused this.

"Several years ago this cave was filled with water. Miss Sylvia will remember the long drouth we had when the creek nearly went dry. The water at that time had no outlet and during the drouth it gained an underground

passage into the creek just above the ranch. The rock in the cave, after being under water so long, soon crumbled, and during that hard rain last summer the cave filled again. The water seeped through the rock and in this way caused the porous-like rock you now see. Owing to the situation of the cave, there is nearly always a wind coming into it, and when the wind blows through these crevices it causes the moaning sound."

Just as they started to leave, Mary slipped and fell into the water. The current was very swift here on account of the falls and Mary was immediately swept under. Andy told the other two girls to stand back and then he leaped into the water. Once he saw her head above the water and he began swimming in that direction. Luckily Mary could swim a little and when he called to her she happened to be above water. She answered him and then the current swept her on and she heard no more. Suddenly she touched a ledge of rock that jutted out into the stream. She caught this and called to Andy. She heard him answer and he kept calling, always nearer. Finally, he reached her and caught her just as she lost her hold and fainted.

The next thing she knew, she was in a bed at the ranch with Sylvia and Ruth watching over her. They told her how Andy had saved her and had gained the shore of the underground stream. Then he had found the other girls and they had brought her home and put her to bed.

That night Andy came in to see her. Sylvia and Ruth went out of the room but Mary and Andy did not notice this.

"Andy," she said, "how can I ever thank you? I cannot say it in words but I want you to know that I am truly thankful."

Andy could not answer just then. He looked at her for a good while and finally said, "Mary, dear, it may seem sudden to you but I would like to tell you something and ask you a question. I love you. Will you marry me?"

"Yes, Andy, I have never met a man I liked so much. I can only say—"

The last words were muffled and she could not finish because—well, you know the rest.

Albert Crowe, '19.



THE LOST NOTE

"I can't understand what ever made me so careless!" said Jane unhappily. "And to think, it had our names on there too, they will find it, you know! And what if they should take your desire for those exam. questions, seriously? I am so afraid it will cause you trouble."

"What difference does that make anyway? Now just forget it. You probably threw the thing in the basket anyway. Come along let's take a little walk. We won't stay long if you have to go home."

Together they turned the corner and slowly walked down the shady street. They were a picture of youth and health. He was tall and strongly built, an ideal athlete. And the easy swing of his body revealed the fact that physical training was a part of his daily life.

As they walked, their conversation drifted to the subject of school activities, especially the "big game" that was scheduled for the coming week.

"I am sure you will make the team for you made such a hit with the coach in the last game."

"Well if playing were just all, I might be safe but you see it's between Brown and me and if he beats me on that exam. it's all off with me. And you know he's pretty good! I wish he had never come here, then I would have been sure of my place."

"You shouldn't say that for he is an addition to our class. But I am sure you will get the place."

"If I do, Jane, may I take you to the prom? Oh, has some one beaten me to it?"

"Why-a-no! Why do you think that?"

"Just the way you looked. You didn't say! May I, Jane?"

"Yes! of course, but why the condition? Do you think I would be ashamed to go with you if you were defeated? You know better than that, don't you?"

"No, that isn't it. I just wouldn't want to take you if I didn't make good. I will win though, you wait and see! Oh! do you have to stop now? Well, so long, I'll see you to-morrow."

Jane was very quiet and thoughtful all evening. Very early she went to her room and locked the door. There she sat worrying over the lost note and although she had many books to study none were even opened.

The following day was a very busy one. Nothing was said about the note, and this made her more hopeful. That evening as she was walking home alone she heard someone coming rapidly behind her. Wondering who it was she turned and saw Brown Whitlow hurrying to catch her.

"Wait a minute and I will walk around that way with you. My but you must be in a hurry! I had to run myself almost to death to catch you."

"How long have you been back there? I didn't know anyone was coming until just now!"

"Oh not very long, but as there is practice this afternoon I have to hurry down. I just wanted to ask you for a date for the prom!"

At this Jane blushed and frowned a little. How she wished that Bob hadn't asked her yesterday. Why, all the girls would envy her if she went with Brown and now she had promised! But maybe Bob wouldn't make it! Then she could go with the "new fellow." Jane caught herself almost wishing that Bob wouldn't pass. No! she didn't wish that; that was mean. She was aroused from her thoughts by:

"Well what in the world is the matter? Don't you want to go with me?"

"Of course I want to go with you, only Bob asked me yesterday; that is, providing he makes the team. I am just awfully sorry!"

"Providing he makes the team? Well that means if I make it you won't go with him, is that it?"

"Yes."

"Then I will say if I make good will you allow me to take you?"

"Why, yes, if you want to do so!"

"I hope I beat him! I will have to work all the harder now, won't I?"

"You had better go to practice or you won't be any surer than you are now! You mustn't be late you know!"

"Well good-bye. If you will excuse me now. I'm going to work awfully hard."

To think that Brown Whittlow of all boys should prefer her! Jane could scarcely believe it. She didn't want Bob to fail, it would make him feel so bad and yet,—well, she did want to go with Brown. Friday would decide and that would be three long days to wait. How could she ever do it?

However, the days passed quickly by and Thursday came. That evening, immediately after school, Bob went to receive some help in his reviewing and as the professor was not there, Bob sat down at the desk to wait for him. After waiting some time he noticed that the door opened very softly. Being in an obscure place he quickly stooped down by the side of a case that was near. There he waited to see what it all meant. To his surprise Whittlow walked softly into the room toward the desk and began to ransack among the numerous papers in the top drawer.

"Oh thank goodness, here they are! Now for a copy!"

"I guess not!" said Bob jumping up. It had finally occurred to him what Whittlow was about to do.

"What are you doing here? Well I guess I have as much right as you to see these questions."

At that Bob sprang for the questions and securing them he pushed Brown back and deposited them in the drawer. Then the boys began to express their dislike by physical strength. However, they were interrupted by the entrance

of someone and quickly straightening up they saw that it was Jane. She walked slowly over toward the boys. Brown immediately began to make excuses for their misconduct. However, she calmly said, "I need no explanation, I heard every word of it and I think you are horrid to act in such a way. If I couldn't earn what I got fairly I wouldn't have it."

By this time she was standing by the rather shamed-faced boys and seeing a piece of paper, neatly folded, lying on the floor, she stooped and picked it up. After unfolding it and reading its contents she looked at Brown.

"Well, I think I have found where my note disappeared now. And to think that you would mistrust Bob enough to accuse him of such a thing when he only came to receive help from Professor Hayes. You thought he had gone so you would enlighten yourself concerning the exam. Well I happened to have made arrangements with Bob to meet him here and I was coming to do so when I saw you sneak into the room so I just listened. I am glad I did now."

Both boys had listened intently but now Brown began to make false explanations and excuses. Bob was silent, he did not even attempt to defend himself. Then Jane turned to him and said, "Are you ready to go home? I would like to speak to you a minute if you are not."

"Yes, I will go with you after Brown leaves the room. We will all go together."

The three left without another word. However, upon arriving at the outer door Jane said, "Brown, I think we will consider our arrangements for the prom at an end. I am sorry this happened. But you shouldn't jump at conclusions so readily. However, I think this note explains why you had such convictions."

Then Robert Landor and Jane turned toward home. For a while they were both silent.

"Jane, do you think I did that? Do you? I want to know."

"No, of course I don't. I know you wouldn't."

"What did you mean by what you said to Brown when we left him at the door?"

"Only this. He asked me whether he might take me to the prom and I told him yes. That is, if he made the team."

"Oh!"

"Don't say that like that! I wouldn't go with him now for anything and I don't think I ever wanted to very much."

"Are you quite sure you didn't? What are you going to do if I don't make it?"

"You will be put on the team, but if you aren't we will go together anyway. Now there; isn't that all right?"

"You bet it is and I'm awfully glad you don't mind going if I'm not chosen to play. But I do wish that fellow had played fair. Why did he think I would do that, do you suppose?"

"Didn't you say you wished you could get your hands on those questions? You see he just took things for granted. And, too, you know people are always ready to suspect others of doing the things they plan to do themselves."

Mary Ellen Bateman, '19.



THE TENTH GENERATION

The small, dilapidated house that had at one time been a barn, but was now repaired so that it would pass as a home to the poorest people who could not pay much rent, was about to be occupied.

Some very poor furniture was being moved into the house. The furniture belonged to an old Mexican named Manuel. His white hair was long, his fingers were like claws and he was dressed in the customary bright colors of the Mexicans. Although he was old he moved with a quick, firm step.

It was late in the afternoon when Manuel had driven up and placed the furniture in the house. Then he had built a fire outside to cook his scanty meal. After he had finished his supper and was lying near the fire, he took a small

round stone from a sack about his neck. When he held the stone near the light it gave forth a many colored glow. Manuel muttered to himself as he replaced the stone.

In the morning he was up and gone before anyone had awakened. After several days he returned, tired and weak. He had gone far, but no one would give him food, when he had begged for it and he was weak from hunger. He tried to sell his furniture but it was so old that no one would buy it. Manuel had only one thing more to sell and that was the stone.

The stone had been brought from Spain and had passed down through his family. He knew something of the evil influence of that same stone yet feared to part with it.

A day passed and Manuel knew that no one would come to help him, that he must sell the stone while he was able to walk. He tottered to the street just as a young man was passing. He showed the stone to the man and said he wanted money. The stone shone with a purple light. The young man, Mr. Freeland, was attracted by its odd color and carelessly dropped it into his pocket. He saw why Manuel was in need of money. He felt sorry for the old Mexican and led him back to the house.

Manuel was very ill from the lack of food. Mr. Freeland went for a doctor and some provisions. The doctor was there when he returned and said that Manuel's condition was very serious. A movement from him called their attention and they knew that he was dying. Manuel looked at Mr. Freeland and said, "The stone,—keep it not, it will,—" here he sank back and did not speak again.

Mr. Freeland had Manuel buried but he had forgotten the stone in his pocket.

He had a great craving to wander. He had had a college education and had travelled. But now in this strange desire to wander, he did not want trains, taxis and hotels. He wanted to walk and obtain food as best he could. Mr. Freeland remembered the stone a day or two later. When he took it out of his pocket, he was surprised to see that it had changed colors. It was now a faint red like the afterglow of the sunset.

When he began roaming, he took the stone along. After several days of wandering, the money he had saved, was stolen by some gypsies and he had to beg for his food, as did the old Mexican.

But in all this he never forgot the stone. He would stop on the road to gaze at it and wonder about its bright changeable colors.

Often he drifted into a city where he would work several days or even a week at any work he could find. With the money he earned he bought clothes or food. He made many resolutions to remain and work but a desire to wander, to be out in the open, came over him and he would forget everything else. He passed several years in this manner, wandering, begging, working and wandering again. He always kept the stone and daily looked at it.

Mr. Freeland did not analyze his condition or wonder at the cause of it. One day after he had swum across a small river, he happened to think of the stone and the very thought that he might have lost it, sent cold chills over his body.

Wandering thus he came to the sunny land of Spain. He passed an old historic castle which had crumbled and fallen in decay. The castle stood on a hill. Below was a small, yet beautiful white house such as one often finds in Spain. The place showed signs of care, flowers, grass and trees grew everywhere. Mr. Freeland stopped here to ask for food. An old Spanish gentleman came to the door, in answer to his knock. The Spaniard asked him into the house and treated him as an honored guest. While they were waiting for the food, he began to question Mr. Freeland about his home. In answering the questions he soon drifted into the stories of his wandering. This led the Spaniard to question him about his life and his home in America. Then Mr. Freeland told him about the old Mexican, Manuel; about the stone and how he had suddenly desired to wander. He showed the Spaniard the stone, which now glowed as if it possessed a heart of fire. The old man gasped as he leaned for-

ward to get a closer view of the stone.

He seemed to consider all that Mr. Freeland had told him, then he said, "Sir, do you know why you have wandered, never satisfied? Why you have kept the stone and always looked at it?"

He did not wait for an answer but continued, "Sir, it is that stone. Let me tell you its story."

"It was in the time when the Christians were fighting the Saracens. One of my ancestors, Don Lassi, was a friend and counselor to the Lord of the Christian army.

"There had been a lull in the fighting. The Christians were wondering why the Saracens had not shown themselves or tried to lure them to individual fighting. The camp became uneasy and thought that the Saracens were waiting to use some trick to capture their army.

"But one day when the Christians were very anxious, they saw a man coming from the Saracens' stronghold. He carried a white flag. They soon recognized him as a noted Saracen prophet. He was old and feeble. When he had gained entrance to the lord he begged for food. He said that his people were starving, that many had died. If the Christians would only help them, the Saracens would promise to go back in the mountains and not hinder them any more.

"Don Lassi had been here with the lord and listened to the prophet. When he ceased speaking Don Lassi spoke. 'My Lord, you have the hated infidel at your mercy. Do not let them make promises and believe them. Give them food! No, My Lord, now is the time to destroy their strong castles and scatter their army.'

"The lord took Don Lassi's advice and refused to give food to the Saracens.

"The prophet had heard Don Lassi speak and knew he was a cruel man. In his hand he had an ordinary looking stone, with which he was playing. The prophet looked at the stone and said, 'Don Lassi, that was your good luck stone, but now it will be your misfortune,—your downfall. It shall cause you to wander,—never to be satisfied, yet you will not part with it until death. At death it will be passed down to your posterity until one out of each of ten generations has seen and known of that stone. The man of the tenth generation, shall after a great deal of suffering, take it to the grave with him.'

"The prophet's voice was low and solemn and several of the Christians trembled and turned pale, but Don Lassi laughed.

"Sir, it was as the prophet had said—Don Lassi began wandering as you have wandered. He let his castle fall in ruins." Here the Spaniard pointed to the top of the hill.

"When Don Lassi died, one of the next generation, ah, a strong young man took the stone. He became attached to it as you and all the rest have. But it was stolen by a man, who took it to America with him.

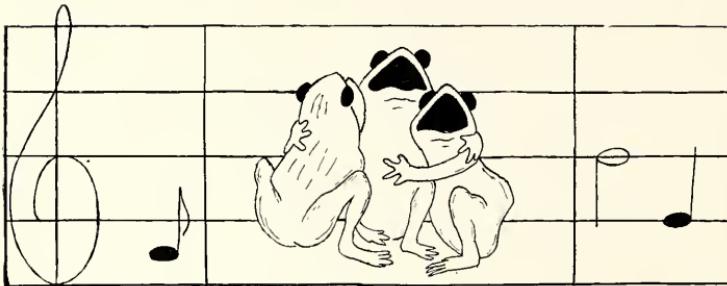
"Sir, the stone has been passed down and now I am one of the tenth generation. I am old and have but a little time to live, so I have longed and hoped that in some way, perhaps only known to God, the stone might come into my possession. I want to take it to the grave with me, that I may break its cruel charm. Will you not give it to me? Do you not see why you have wandered, unsatisfied and as a beggar?"

The Spaniard's body shook as he beseeched Mr. Freeland for the stone. Mr. Freeland gave the stone to him but not without a feeling that he was giving up part of his life. This seemed to satisfy the Spaniard. His head sank on his breast as he lost consciousness. Mr. Freeland called for help and a beautiful Spanish maiden came from the house to his aid. She said that her grandfather often had heart trouble and that she was afraid this attack was fatal. They laid the old man on the bed but Mr. Freeland noticed that he had the stone gripped in one of his hands.

In two days the man died and the stone was buried with him as he wished. After the Spaniard was buried a load seemed to be lifted from Mr. Freeland's shoulders. He regained his old ambition, but now with a much broader view. He was eager to return to America, to his home. Hazel Kagel, '19.



MUSIC



"Music Hath Charms."

Mary Ruminer

Miss Isabelle Key, who has had charge of the music this year has done some excellent work. She not only kept the Girls' Glee Club up to its old standard, but organized a Boys' Glee Club, an innovation in M. V. H. S. The success of the Boys' and Girls' Glee Clubs reached its climax in the presentation of the comic operetta, Bul-Bul; one of the most successful and best patronized musical entertainments ever given by the High School.

The results speak well for the department and for Miss Key.

Owing to the fact that some of our best musicians have graduated, the high school was unfortunate in not having an orchestra this year. In the past this organization had reached a high standard and added much to the department. The new features which Miss Key has introduced have compensated for this lack.

Operetta
BULBUL
"Nightengale"

Maude Elizabeth Inch

W. Rhys-Herbert

ISABELLE KEY, Director.
 MARYWAVE TUDOR, Accompanist.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Iamit, a well meaning but fussy monarch.....	William Dietz
Bulbul, his beauteous daughter.....	Ardath Williams
Caspian, an amiable young prince.....	Frederick Bamberger
Ida, court chaperon.....	*Esther Menzies
Lilla, a friend to Bulbul.....	Ida May Bateman
Alain, a friend to Caspian.....	Charles Ruminer
Dosay, keeper of the Royal Spectacles.....	James Pearson
Justso, keeper of the Royal Cash Box.....	Clay Dixon

Chorus of Lords and Ladies of the Court.
 Friends of Caspian and Maids of Honor.

PROGRAM

Act I—Sun Parlor of Palace—Afternoon.

Overture	Instrumental
Opening Chorus—"On This Summer Afternoon".....	Chorus
"Behold Our Sovereign Lord, the King".....	Chorus
"A Mild Mannered Monarch".....	Iamit and Chorus
"Good Afternoon! How Do You Do?".....	Maids of Honor
"She Speaks No Word to Anyone".....	Lilla and Maids of Honor
Scene.....	Bulbul and Prince
"I'm a Peddler Peddling Perfumes".....	Prince and Maids of Honor
"Bread and Water for a Week".....	Maids and Prince
Flattery Song.....	Ida, Alain, Maids of Honor and Peddlers
"Have You Pretty Golden Hair?".....	Maids of Honor and Peddlers
"Permit Us to Escort You".....	Maids of Honor and Peddlers
"Love is Such a Funny Thing"—Duet.....	Prince and Bulbul
"Love is a Flower"—Solo.....	Bulbul
"Behold Our Sovereign".....	Chorus
Finale—"Wedding Bells".....	Principals and Chorus

Act II—Sun Parlor of Palace—Evening.

Opening Chorus—"Brushing, Dusting, Oh What Fun".....	Housemaids
"All Racing and Chasing for One Little Boss".....	Ida, Dosay, Justso and Housemaids
"Lands of Delight"—Duet.....	Prince and Bulbul
"A Soldier's Song".....	Alain and Friends
"Well, I Never".....	Iamit, Lilla, Alain, Ida and Chorus
Lullaby—"Croon, Silver Moon".....	Bulbul, Lilla, Maids of Honor
"We're Going To Be Married".....	Principals and Chorus
Finale.....	Principals and Chorus

MEMBERS OF BOYS' AND GIRLS' GLEE CLUBS.

Tenors—Clay Dixon, William Dietz, Frederick Bamberger, Paul Dietz, Charles Ellis, Gerald Joest, Royal Kreie, Paul Pfister, Alfred Starken, John Alvin Starken.

Basses—John Doerr, Frank Harlem, Charles Lawrence, Bernard Luebberman, James Morelock, James Pearson.

Sopranos—Lelia Utey, Ardath Williams, Beulah Karnes, Esther Menzies, Mildred Barrett, *Mildred Bailey, Ida May Bateman, *Mary Ellen Bateman, Selma Bockleman, Edith Blackburn, Elizabeth Clements, Margaret Cooper, Dor-

othea Dietz, Adabel French, Beatrice Grossman, Catherine Howard, *Helen Keck, Lillie Dale Kreie, *Octavia Kuhn, Jessamay Layer, *Fern Leipold, Marie Ludlow, *Mary Elizabeth Mackey, Rose Morelock, Estella Oeth, *Madge Oliver, Hortence Utley, Carmen Wade, Nina Walker, Gladys Wolfsinger, Miriam Wilson.

Altos—Gladys Basler, *Belva Davis, Helen Duncan, Mary Louise Fitton, *Lucile Haas, *Lucile Hempfling, Lucile Stiker, *Gladys Woodward, Roberta Cowen, Louise Leffel.

*Maids of Honor.

SYNOPSIS

Iamit, the king, has betrothed his only child, the Princess Bulbul, to Prince Caspian.

The Princess has never met the Prince and she implores her father not to make her marry a man that she has never met.

When Prince Caspian and his friends are on the way to attend the wedding, he plans to disguise himself and friends as peddlers in order that he might see his future wife before the wedding ceremony takes place. Suiting his plans to actions, he with his followers, proceeds to the palace. In the meanwhile the Maids of Honor are in the sun parlor of the palace with Bulbul, attempting to comfort and cheer her by telling her how handsome a man Prince Caspian is; but to Bulbul, a handsome Prince means nothing. While thus in the privacy of the sun parlor with her maids, she hears the sudden approach of a stranger. She flees from the palace in order to be alone in her trouble.

The stranger, who proved to be a peddler, is met by the Maids of Honor. He inquires of them as to the whereabouts of the Princess but unable to gain the desired information, he goes in search of her and finds her wandering sadly through the woods. He speedily wins her affections and endeavors to persuade her to marry him. This she refuses to do; however, they plan to meet in the ballroom that evening to say good-bye.

Bulbul realizing her love for the peddler, bids him hide behind a curtain but she does not tell him her plan. That evening there is great excitement and consternation on the part of the king and the court when they find that Prince and Princess are missing at the all-important time.

Greatly surprised is the court when the Princess rushes into the ballroom with a long cloak thrown over her gown, and announces that she expects to marry the man she loves, a humble perfume seller. Going to the curtain behind which he has hidden the peddler she draws it back and discloses to the king and court the man of her choice. Grief turns to joy, for the king recognizes in the supposed peddler, the Prince Caspian.

The Princess is so happy that she forgets to be indignant because of the prank played upon her. In the meantime, Lady Ida, who has always had a lingering fondness for the king, proposes to marry him, under a promise that he made to her that afternoon in the garden. To keep his promise he yields to Fate. Lilla and Alain make a third couple and the three weddings are set to take place "Tuesday at noon".



"On this summer afternoon
All is pleasant, all is gay."



"Won't you buy? Ah, lady do!
Won't you try? You'll never rue
Your money, for the honey
Is the best that ever grew!"



"A humble seller of Perfumes, I crave
Permission to show you my wares.
Who will buy of me? Musk, violets, jasamine
And roses of the very breath of Eden."



Bulbul: "Here!" Iamit: "The Prince!"

PUBLIC SPEAKING DEPARTMENT

DEBATING

Fritz Dietz, John Alvin Starken and Bernard Luebbermann represented the high school team in a debate with the alumni; Louis Hohstadt, Clarence Schenk and Paul Scherer, in the high school auditorium, February 19, 1919. The high school team presented the negative side of the question, Resolved: That the Government should control the railroads indefinitely after the specified twenty-one months. The alumni triumphed over the high school team owing to the fact, that Mr. Hohstadt was able to convince the judges, that the negative team would have the railroad employees sitting on the poles managing railroads and drawing their money, while on the other hand, the affirmative team would put them on flat cars and ride them about the country and to the great wheat regions in the Northwest and also around the Rocky Mountains.

The members of the debating alumni team were all experienced debators, while the high school team here made its maiden appearance. As they won one vote, they felt ready to try again so they have a challenge all prepared for next season.

The judges were Rev. Paul Press, Rev. Edward Edlemairer and Mr. E. F. Bamberger.



High School Team



Alumni Team



Public Speaking

Back Row—Bernard Luebberman, debating; John A. Starken, debating; Mark Dawson, debating and discussion; Jessie Lamb, debating; Fritz Dietz, debating and discussion.

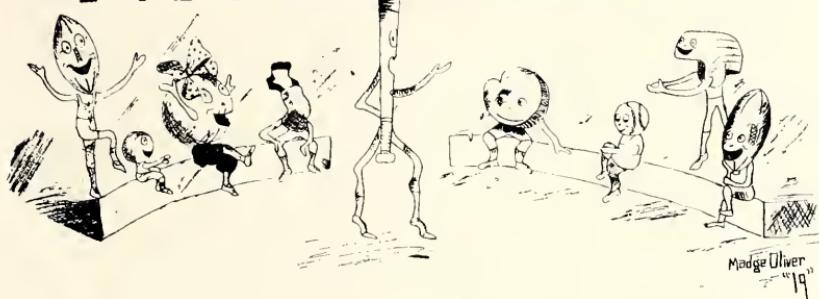
Front Row—Paul Dietz, discussion; Frederick Hagemann, debating and discussion; Frank Harlem, debating.

Discussion

Fritz Dietz represented Mt. Vernon in the county discussion contest held in the Stewartsville high school auditorium March 28, 1919. Fredrick Hageman was alternate.

The question for discussion was Universal Service For Citizenship. The decision was won by Earl DeFur, who represented Stewartsville. Miss Bernice Zimmerman represented New Harmony high school. The contest was very close.

ATHLETICS.



Mt. Vernon had only one form of athletics this year and that was basketball. In this the girls took the lead, winning the championship of the "Pocket".

A late start, the lack of a coach in the beginning of the season the absence of T. Boyce an old star and one time captain, were the chief drawbacks to a successful season for the boys.

After Alvin Gemper was discharged from military service he took charge of the boys and soon developed some good players.

Much interest was created in the game both among the students and citizens and all the games were well patronized.

There is no question as to what Mt. Vernon could do with the advantages of a gymnasium and a coach who could give all his time to athletics.

The results have plainly shown the spirit of M. V. H. S. for in the face of all difficulties they have never given up but have made the best of poor opportunities.

Here's to the future athletic success of the maroon and white!

Very late in the season, under the coaching of Ralph Bush, an alumnus track star, a track team was organized which showed up well in meets with Owensville and Princeton.



Girls' Basketball Squad

Back Row (left to right)—Lucile Page, Miriam Wilson, Elizabeth Clements, Mildred Barrett, Mayme Cowen, Rose Morlock.

Second Row—Elva Oeth, Gladys Wolfinger, Ida Mae Bateman, Mildred Bailey, Lillie Brinkman, Margaret Sugg, Beatrice Grossman.

Third Row—Lucile Hempfling, Margaret Cooper, Charlotte Green, Mrs. Sandefur, Coach, Aletha Causey, Susie Sugg.

Front Row—Elfreda Hironimus, Mary Ellen Bateman, Helen Keck, Roberta Cowen, Captain, Mary Elizabeth Mackey, Madeline Vines.



Girls' Basketball Team

Back Row—Susie Sugg, Roberta Cowen, Captain, Madeline Vines, Lucile Hempfling, Mayme Cowen.

Center—Helen Keck, Mrs. Sandefur, Coach, Mary Elizabeth Mackey.

Sitting—Mary Ellen Bateman, Elfreda Hironimus.

The girls under the coaching of Mrs. Sandefur have made a splendid record in basketball this year. Ability and enthusiasm were shown in all their games making them victors in seven of the eight games played. The "M. V.'s" were won by Mary E. Bateman, Mayme Cowen, Roberta Cowen, Lucile Hempfling, Elfreda Hironimus, Helen Keck, Mary E. Mackey, Susie Sugg and Madeline Vines.

The games were as follows:

Mt. Vernon	20	Olivet S. S. Evansville	10
Mt. Vernon	28	Olivet S. S. Evansville	4
Mt. Vernon	27	Boonville	3
Mt. Vernon	19	Evansville Select Team	23
Mt. Vernon	14	Evansville Girls' Reserve	13
Mt. Vernon	32	Boonville	3
Mt. Vernon	22	Owensville	7
Mt. Vernon	5	Owensville	4
Total	167	Total	67

Of the 167 points made by the team, Mary Elizabeth Mackey made 4; Helen Keck, 50; Mary Ellen Bateman, 68; Susie Sugg, 26; Madeline Vines, 22.



Mary Ellen Bateman, Forward

Mary Ellen, the girl with curls, is a bright star that shone brighter each time she played. She has the honor of making more points than anyone else on the team. She leads her team with 68 points to her credit.

She played in all but one game and it was due to sickness that she did not play all games. It was an unusual thing for her to miss a basket. She played with all ease and could make a basket under most difficult circumstances. Wherever she played she won admirers for her wonderful playing.

Mary Ellen was always in a good humor no matter what happened. Her favorite expression is, "Well, ding bust."

Mary Elizabeth Mackey, Center

"Mackey", our star jumping center, could jump to the moon if necessary; especially if she thought a basketball would be up there. She made herself famous January 11 on the Evansville Y. W. C. A. floor, where she seemed to stick to the ball regardless of all difficulties.

Mackey played in every game of the season, and each time she played she put a brighter "twinkle" to the name "Star" that she had won for herself. Her habit was to grit her teeth or bite her lips and open her eyes so wide that perhaps she confused her opponents—maybe that's why she could out-jump them—anyway, Mackey always got the tip-offs.

Susie Sugg, Forward

Susie is another forward who is little but mighty. She is the baby of the team as far as size is concerned. She is as quick as lightning and her opponents have the time of their lives trying to guard her. Susie has an awful habit of forgetting. She left some of her clothes at Evansville, was always leaving her watch and shoes at the basketball hall, but she always "forgot to forget" while playing basketball.

Susie was always ready to receive the ball and put it in the basket. She is another star and her smiles always help to make the star shine brighter.

Madeline Vines, Forward

"Mathew" has more nicknames than her share, and she is another "Star" when it comes to basketball playing. She also is a forward and has helped to bring her team to the front. She saved the day for us, when we played on the Owensville floor, by being the only one on the team to make a field goal, thus winning the game with a one point margin.

Madeline composed catchy songs for the M. V. H. S. team, and these were sung while on foreign floors. Her favorite expression, while playing, is "Aw, shoot!" She has a habit of frowning and walking the floor while waiting for the ball to come to her field. While not playing, she changes the frown for a smile.

Elfreda Hironimus, Guard

"Freda", our guard, was sometimes called the "bumping post" because wherever her opponent would choose to go, there she would bump into "Freda" and she could not make her way to the basket. Freda is not very big in stature, but nevertheless she "looms big" when it comes to playing basketball. She is noted for her distant and hard throws of the ball, and as a Boonville man said, "She's some star at guarding."

Besides being guard, she's the team's "monkey". While playing basketball she had the habit of frowning and biting her lips, but after the game, her frown changed into a smile and her smiles were always contagious.

Helen Keck, Forward

Keckie is a star when it comes to hitting the basket. She is little but that seemed to be an advantage rather than a disadvantage, for she could easily work her way through her opponents.

She, too, played in all the games of the season and helped to carry her team and school through the trenches and No-man's land on to victory and the championship. A Boonville girl said, "She makes baskets so fast that I'm dizzy." Keckie uses her hat for a ball, and any old thing for a basket, so wild is she about basketball, but then, "practice makes perfect." Her favorite expression is, "Oh, my nose!"





Boys' Basketball Team

Standing—Thomas E. Boyce, Mr. Gempler, Coach.

Second Row—Malcolm Alldredge, Herb Krie, Henry Ashworth, David Benthall.
Sitting—Harry Boyce, Floyd LaDuke, Chas. Ruminer, Captain, Oswald Benner.

BOYS' BASKETBALL

Late in the season the boys began basketball practice with Alvin Gempler, a former athlete of the school, as coach.

The Mt. Vernon—Carmi game played at the former place was the best game of the season, Carmi winning by a score of 27 to 25.

The squad was made up of Captain Ruminer, Ashworth, Benthall, LaDuke, T. Boyce, H. Boyce, Krie, and Benner.

The following is a record of the season's games and the score of each:

Carmi	27	Mt. Vernon	25
Newburg	17	Mt. Vernon	43
Owensville	23	Mt. Vernon	11
Carmi	26	Mt. Vernon	17
Boonville	29	Mt. Vernon	7
Newburg	26	Mt. Vernon	44

When the points are totaled the Mt. Vernon team is found to be just one point behind its opponents.



Herbert Krie, Center

For the last time Herb has gone on the basketball floor for M. V. H. S. He has played since '16 season and was Captain of the '18 team. Part of the time he played guard but was center for the '19 team. He was one of the best centers M. V. H. S. ever had and was never too tired to make the game interesting, as football tactics was his long suit. His good nature always kept the boys in good spirits.

Thomas E. Boyce, Forward

Basketball was Tom's game from start to finish. He played on the team in his Freshman year and was made Captain in his Sophomore year. When in the game he was always smiling and graceful and seemed to be everywhere on the floor at once. Tom was a sure shot and could roll the ball from all parts of the floor standing or sitting. Although he was not with the team the first part of the season he kept up his reputation in the last.

Oswald Benner, Forward

Benner was one of the best forwards on the M. V. H. S. team. He showed up well in his work as basket forward and when he got the ball it was certain to go in. His name of "Snake" certainly fits him as he was good at slipping around the guards.

He has always had the proper team spirit, always faithfully came out to practice, every ready to play or to cheer.



Students Having More Than Eighteen Credits

Top Row (right to left)—Chas. Ruminer, Fritz Dietz, Kellie Johnson, Edward Mann, Malcolm Alldredge, Floyd LaDuke, Mark Dawson, Samuel Topper, Thomas Weir.

Second Row—Arthur Thomas, Agna Belle Raymond, Emily Boyce, Elsie Shertz, Helen Lawrence, Esther Barrett, Louise Tolliver, Gladys Topper, Virginia Noon, Hortense Utley.

Third Row—Erwin Kreie, Hazel Maulding, Nina Walker, La Verne Niblo, Margaret Seibert, Beatrice Grossman, Gladys Wolfinger, Jessamay Layer, Edith Blackburn.

Bottom Row—Adebel French, Charlotte Green, Ardath Williams, Estella Oeth, Roberta Cowen, Elizabeth Clements, Mildred Barrett.



Students Having More Than 10.5 Credits and Fewer Than 18 Credits

Top Row—Clay Dixon, Edward Ruminer, Douglas Dixon, Herman Aldrich, Fred Gill, Wyman Williams, Wm. Dietz, Conlin Alexander, Winston Jones, Wm. Espenschied, Gerald Joest, Fredrick Bamberger.

Second Row—Alfred Starken, Arthur Roos, Ida Mae Bateman, Mayme Cowen, Mary L. Raben, Louie Ashworth, Merle McFadden, Royal Kreie, Gerard Welch, Harry Boyce, Alfred Weir, Herald Miller.

Third Row—Manuel Whipple, Merle Allyn, Aletha Causey, Catharine Howard, Selma Bokelman, Frieda Bernd, Helen Duncan, Leola Miller, Lillie Dale Kreie, Minnie Loveland, Elsie Zimmerman, Mary Lloyd Abell.

Bottom Row—Beuford Roach, Mildred Hogan, May Onyett, Edythe Mann, Miriam Wilson, Helen Ruling, Margaret Cooper, Margaret Sugg, Henrietta Fuelling, Florence York, Mary Wave Tudor, Edna Sherertz, Mildred VerWayne.



Students Having Fewer Than 10.5 Credits

1922 Back Row—Verlin Rhodes, Winston Woodward, Joseph Mann, Roy Scholmer, Herbert Duncan, Jesse Powers, Teddy Bereman, Kenneth Cartwright, James Hurley, Paul Dietz, Joy Held, Otis Dixon, David Culley, Carl Keil.

Second Row—Elwood Smith, Robert Weir, Verdean Price, Garland Denbo, Owen Huntsman, Ralph Gronemeier, Paul Pfister, Raymond Davis, French Copeland, Elmer Daws, David Benthall, Lancewell McCarty, Roy Dawson.

Third Row—Elva Oeth, Emily Markham, Dorthea Dietz, Edith Green, Lucile Page, Isabel Hartman, Georgia Murphy, Katherine Schaeffer, Hazel Schweitzer, Dale Tennison, Chas. Lawrence, Basil McFadden, Alfred Daniel.

Front Row—Lucile Hagerman, Florence Schaeffer, Mabel Walling, Rose Morlock, Lelia Utley, Hazel McFadden, Lillie Brinkman, Lillian Duley, Dorothy Lutz, Lucile Jenkins, Annie L. Billups, Clinton Maurer, Harold Seibert.



THE ALUMNI

Class of 1914

Teachers—Aleen Calvert, Lucile Hardwick, Mary Kreie, and Mary Wilsey.

In College—Cullen Sugg, Michigan University.

In Service—Marcus Aldredge, Ambulance Corps, France; Lieut. Richard Miller, France; Charles Zergiebel, Lieut. Infantry; Thayne Williams, Lieut. Signal Corps; Harold Johnson, U. S. Artillery, Germany; Fieldon McFadden, Sergeant, Regular Army; Albert Zuspann, Engineer Corps, France.

Married—Ruby Allyn, Elwood Burlison, Ivan Carson, Carlena Cowen, Clifford Merchanthouse, Richard Miller, Sybil Swinnerton, John Robison and Lola Tischendorf.

Miscellaneous—Louise Dexheimer, Clerk in Niblo's; Ruth Hall, Ed. Wade's Insurance Office; Cecil Thomas, Telephone Co.

Class of 1915

Teachers—Nora David, Dora Helm, Nannie Jeffries, Izora Ruminer, and Phyllis Schierbaum.

In Service—Boetticher Bailey, Corp. Regular Army; Edson Erwin, Tanks Corps; Philip Rowe, Lieut. Regular Army; John Sander, Navy; Walter Griess, Corp. Ambulance Corps.

Married—Agnes Bates, Jimmie Butcher, Doyle Hironimus, Martha Johnson, Helen Robinson, Karl Griess.

Stenographers—Katherine Bockelmann, Chicago; Louise Mann, James Blackburn, Attorney.

Miscellaneous—Esther Bridges, Bookkeeper, Fuhrer-Ford Milling Co.; Olga Siebert, People's Bank; Armada Wade, Dr. Williams' Assistant; Herman Kaufmann, People's Bank; Frank Grant, Akron, Ohio.

Class of 1916

Teachers—Anna Jones, Florence Page, Lorena Wedeking.

In College—Erwin Blackburn, William Wilson, Indiana University; Robert Keck, Lloyd Thompson, Michigan University; Helen Daniel, Northwestern University Conservatory of Music.

In Service—Louis Alles, Marines; Louis Barter, Yeoman in the Navy; Kenneth Allison, Navy; Andrew Bockelmann, Lieut. Aviation Corps; Carl Zimmermann, Sergeant, Quartermasters Corps, France.

Stenographers—Miriam Fuelling, Jarodski's Office; Helen Hironimus, Lucile Ludlow, Gussie Sherertz, and Leona Russell, Civil Service, Washington, D. C.; Hildred Oliver, J. Oliver's Insurance Office.

Married—Arthur Barter, Kenneth Crunk, Betty Curry, Eva Highman, Bob Joest, Clarence Blackburn.

Miscellaneous—Ruby Blackburn, Clerk, Civil Service, Washington, D. C.; Arnold Crowder, Automobile Works, Connersville, Ind.; Kenneth Crunk, Mt. Vernon National Bank; Winfred Daws, Motor Works, Detroit; Bob Joest, Automobile Works, Connersville, Ind.; Raymond Zuspann, Lang's Garage; Cordelia Noon and Aline Cowen, working in Indianapolis.

Class of 1917

Teachers—Lena Alexander, Emily Duncan, Dorothy Johnson, Lorena Roeder, Jessie Weir, Nell York, Mildred Prenzel and Ruth Schultheis.

In College—Margaret Doerr, Wisconsin University; Rachel Harlem, Smith College; Mary Stinson, Sweet Briar, Va.; Morris Barrett, Dental School, Indianapolis.

In Service—Henry Rethwisch, Private, Tanks Corps; William Ruminer, Concert Band, U. S. A. France.

Stenographers—Anna Alles, Gertrude Luebbermann, Helen Williams, Civil Service, Washington, D. C.; Mary Louise Black, Keck & Gonnerman; Allen Green, Fuhrer-Ford Milling Co.; Mary Morelock, Keck & Gonnerman Garage; Myra Walker, Telephone Company.

Married—Aloise Blockley, Dewey Byrd, Tim Crunk, Ruth Dexheimer, Anna Frailey, Stella Pfister and Norma Wade.

Miscellaneous—Roscoe Bayer, Clerk, L. & N. R. R.; Tim Crunk, Clerk Derrington's Garage; Elfreda Frick, Short's Undertaking Establishment; Myrtle Green, Clerk, Dawson's; Albert Kaufmann, People's Bank; Mae Moore, Western Union Telegraph Co., Evansville; Beulah Rhodes, Bookkeeper, Rosenbaum & Sons; Alan Coker, Smokewell.

Class of 1918

Teachers—Hazel Bottomley, Lillian Davis, Madalene Forthoffer, Bessie May Jeffries and Loren Russell.

In College—Winfred Allyn, Oakland City; Charlotte Brinkman, Bush Conservatory of Music; Walter Conlin, Michigan University; Dorothy Doerr, Rockford College; Harriett Green, Eleanor Page, Indiana University; Mary Ruminer, University of Chicago; Josephine Kelley, Sweet Briar, Va.; Lillian Stephens, Ferry Hall, Lake Forest, Ill.; Fred Thomas, Purdue; William McKelligott, Lockyear's; Raymond Schneider, Oakland City; Benjamin Seifert, Lockyear's.

Stenographers—Louise Ashworth, Civil Service, Washington, D. C.; Mildred Blakely, Supt. Painter's Office; Paul Scherer, Home Mill & Grain Company.

Miscellaneous—Dale DeFur, Deputy County Clerk; Orvan Hall, Assistant Editor of Mt. Vernon Democrat; Henry Chambers, working in Dayton, Ohio.

Married—Juanita Tudor.

DREAMS OF SPRING.

When the crocus opes her eye,
And warm the South Wind blows,
The winter's gray has left the sky,
In shelter'd nooks the violet grows,
The birds return, the flowers appear,
The trees are decked in blossoms gay,
It's wonderful when Spring is here,
And gentle South Wind holds her sway.

I want to be back home again
To see the crocus ope her eye,
To see the first returning bird,
The new cerulean of the sky,
To hear the notes the glad birds sing,
and life all springing up anew,
To live again my boyhood's spring,
When all its wonders for me grew.

In other years, I roamed the hills;
I sought the flowers in the dales,
I loved the ripple of the rills;
I loved the bird's song in the vales;
I sat where bluebells thickest grew,
List'ning to drowsy-humming bees,
Till I grew drowsy too.

I want to be back home again,
To hear the droning bee,
To hear the redbird's cheery song,
The greening tree to see;
The larkspur and the columbine,
Bluebell and daffodil,
And e'en the climbing trumpet vine
My lonely heart would thrill.

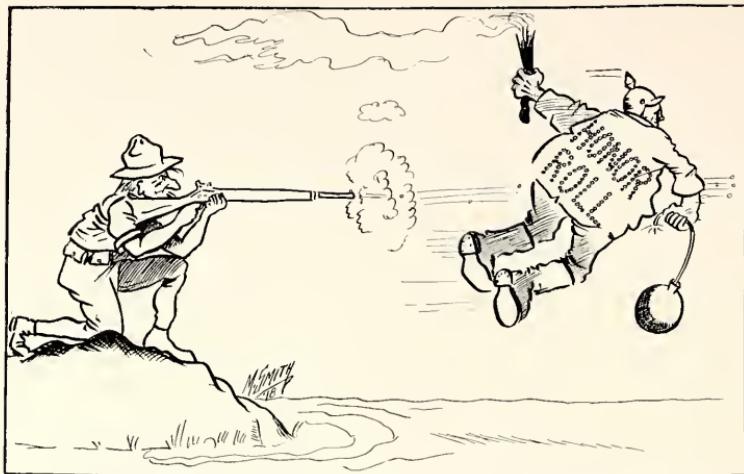
I'm far across the waters gray;
O'erhead is winter's sky,
And, adding to a winterday,
The soft, white snowflakes fly.
No friend from home have I yet met
This side the rolling sea—
What meets it thus to dream, for I
Still far from home must be.

'Tis winter yet where you are, friends,
Still white the snow drifts lie,
And bitter winds whirl little drifts
Against a winter sky;—
Yet spring will come ere many days
To cheer your hearts along,
And birds pipe out their merry lays
And gladden you with song.

Oh, I want to come back home again
To friends I've loved so long,
To live among you as of yore,
To join once more our merry throng,
And play the part I played before;
And now I dream that one fair day
When Springtime wakes the world anew,
I'll come back quietly, and say
To all my friends, "Good cheer to you!"

F. B. ARMBRUSTER.

Tours, France.
January, 1919.



ALUMNI HONOR ROLL.

Below is the Honor list we have on our honor roll, those in service for whom we have stars in our service flag. We have made this list as correct as possible with the data on hand.

Active Service.

1. Kenneth Allison	35. Wayne Pickles
2. Boetticher Bailey	36. William Allyn
3. Louis Barter	37. John Schisley
4. Gilbert Behrck	38. Carl Sander
5. Harry Davis	39. Earl Sloat
6. Richard Miller	40. Sylvanus Utley
7. Raymond Oliver	41. Harold Johnson
8. Phillip E. Rowe	42. Richard Lamb
9. William Ruminer	43. Wilfred Phillips
10. Edward Thompson	44. Fielden McFadden
11. Louis Wasem	45. Everett Wild
12. Capt. Geo. H. Wilson	46. Carl Zimmerman
13. Chas Zergiebel	47. Walter O'Neal
14. Fred Armbruster	48. William Griess
15. Pascal Mackey	49. John Batteiger
16. Louis A. Alles	50. Wilfred Carr
17. Henry Rethrisch	51. Philip A. Haas
18. Arvel Lawrence	52. Joseph Duckworth
19. Hershel Millspaugh	53. Roscoe C. Rowe
20. Malcolm Jones	54. Bert Barter
21. Lemuel Phillips	55. Kenneth Kiltz
22. Marcus Alldredge	56. Malcolm Moore
23. Ivan Carson	57. Albert HermSEN
24. Fieldon McFadden	58. Leslie Johnson
25. Thayne Williams	59. Thomas Meissner
26. Albert Zuspann	60. Buford Chambers
27. Walter Gries	61. Carl Curtis
28. Arthur Streeby	64. Geo. P. Hironimus
29. Gus Jeffries	65. Ira Knight Irl
30. Ed Trafford	66. Theodore Ostermann
31. Lester Rowe	67. Arthur Ries
32. Beauford Jones	68. Clydus Moore
33. Elmer Durlin	69. Clarence Williams
34. Kenneth Miller	

Released from Service.

1. Ralph Bush	23. William Edson
2. Samuel Hadden	24. Edson Erwin
3. Raymond A. Johnson	25. William Hanshoe
4. Herman Kaufman	26. Doyle Heironimus
5. Ralph Kuebler	27. Andrew Bokelman
6. William F. Maurer	28. Laslie Utley
7. Ivan McFadden	29. Fred Clements
8. Cyril R. Williams	30. French Clements
9. Carl F. Blesch	31. Louis Davis
10. John C. Krug	32. Edmund Kreutzinger
11. Paul B. Anderson	33. Charles Hames
12. Alvin Gempler	34. John Duncan
13. William R. Dexheimer	35. John Banks
14. Fred Welborn	36. Frederick Wade
15. Arthur Barter	37. Everett Cook
16. Arnolus Reedle	38. Dewitt Alexander
17. William Ridenour	39. Raymond Fuhs
18. Ivan B. Thomas	40. Ralph H. Barter
19. Geo. W. Kreie	41. Elvis Daws
20. William E. Riecken	42. Alvin C. Ries
21. Arthur Schenk	43. Floyd A. French
22. Leonard Davis	

S. A. T. C.

1. William McKelligott	9. Winfred Allyn
2. Clarence Schenk	10. Ray Hames
3. S. Jett Williams	11. Glenn Knight
4. John Sander	12. Ben Seifert
5. Floyd Alldredge	13. Raymond Schneider
6. Paul Hanshoe	14. Fred Thomas
7. Bob Keck	15. Erwin Blackburn
8. Lloyd Thompson	

Died in Service.

Lloyd D. Sugg



THE FLU

CASUALTY LIST.

Flu

Beuford Alldredge	Edna Sturm
Gladys Basler	Arch Thomas
Grace Blackburn	Madeline Vines
Mary Louise Fitton	Hazel Williams
Beulah Karnes	Gladys Woodward
Helen Keck	Miss Key
Olive Kincheloe	Miss Sturgis
Wayne Klotz	Miss Cauble
Jessie Lamb	Miss Smith
Louise Leffel	Olivia Martin
Fern Leipold	James Morlock
Mary Elizabeth Mackey	Madge Oliver
Marie Souder	Jessie Pritchard
Elizabeth Spencer	Lydia Riecken
	Arthur Robb

Mumps

Thomas E. Boyce	James Morlock
Mark Crunk	Mr. Sandefur
Albert Crowe	Miss Hanshoe

The Flu

- Ill
- Chill
- Pill
- Bill

Slim people get fat,
Fat people get fatter,

When they get that
What? Mumps? Well, rather!

How awful one feels when he has the flu,
He simply knows nothing he wants to do,
There's nothing he can eat or drink that's good,
Nothing he could eat if he would.
Oh! You hurt from your head to your toe,
You know but one word and that is Oh!
I had it once and I hope it's the last,
May it soon be a disease of the past.

Jessie Lamb.

THE FLU.

(With no apologies to Tennyson or any one else.)

Ache, ache, ache,
Up and down my back, O Flu!
And I wish with all my heart
That I never had heard of you.

Sneeze, sneeze, sneeze!
Will this torment never cease?
I know that the war is over
But it hasn't brought me peace!

Cough, cough, cough!
And they tell me it still is mild,
Tho it keeps me awake and my family, too,
And drives the neighbors wild.

And up, up, up
Goes my temperature day by day,
Till I fear that it never will return
Where the "Doc" says it ought to stay.

O well for the Flueless Folks
Whose lives are free from care,
May they never know what a weight of woe
The rest of us have to bear.

Mary Louise Fitton.



THAT FLU STUFF.

If you have a tummy-ache,
It's the Flu!
If you're weary when you wake,
It's the Flu!
Is your memory off the track?
Is your liver out of whack?
Are there pimples on your back?
It's the Flu!

Are there spots before your eyes?
It's the Flu!
Are you fatter than some guys?
It's the Flu!
Do your teeth hurt when you bite?
Do you ever have a fright?
Do you want to sleep at night?
It's the Flu!

Are you thirsty when you eat?
It's the Flu!
Are you shaky on your feet?
It's the Flu!
If you feel a little ill,
Send right off for Dr. Pill,
He will say, despite his skill:
"It's the Flu!"

He won't wait to diagnose,
It's the Flu!
Hasn't time to change his clothes,
It's the Flu!
For two weeks he's had no rest,
Has no time to make a test,
So he'll class you with the rest—
It's the Flu!
Cincinnati Enquirer.

POETS' CORNER

THE CHARGE OF THE BRIGHT BRIGADE

Into a week of tests
Strode the Two Hundred.
Teachers to the right of them,
Teachers to left of them,
Teachers in front of them
Questioned and thundered.
Stormed at with "when" and "who,"
Knowing nought else to do,
Into a time of trial
Passed the Two Hundred.

Flashed all their pencils bare,
Flashed as they turned in air,
Slaying the questions there;
Valiant Two Hundred!
Plunged in the battle smoke,
Right through all rules they broke; .
English and History
Reel'd from the desperate stroke,
Shattered and sundered.
Then they strode back, but not—
Not with One Hundred.

When can their glory fade?
Oh, the replies they made!
Faculty wondered.
Honor the effort made;
Honor the Bright Brigade,
Noble Two Hundred.

Mary Louise Fitton.

OUR GROWTH.

In '16 we were Freshies, ignorant and shy
But we knew we'd be more by and by.
We were good and studious as could be
Did we stay that way? not we!!!

In '17 we were Sophs, less ignorant, more bold,
Who would think our career just two years old?
We were less studious and mean
And towards that end our minds did train.

In '18 we were Juniors, bold and wise,
Almost perfect in our own eyes;
Lessons were minor things and we were sly
When examination time drew nigh.

In '19 we're Seniors, perfectly content,
Of our one-time shyness there isn't a hint.
We have grown proud and bold
They're always that way I am told.

So we're better than our predecessors
For we're more honest confessors.

Jessie Lamb.

BASKETBALL IN VERSE

Our first real game of the season
Was our game with Olivet,
We beat them, of course by reason,
Oh! those girls of Olivet,
Oh! those girls of Olivet,
They played so fair and free,
But the game was ours, you bet,
And no happier bunch than we.

Our next game on the list
Was played at our own dear hall,
With Olivet, that team we wouldn't miss,
And we scored them all to all.

On the following Friday night
To Boonville H. S. we went,
We laid them low with little might,
And to us was a great event,
For they cried and sighed
'Cause we beat 'em, I guess,
'An called us tom-boys, and despised
Our team of M. V. H. S.

Our greatest game of all the year
Was with the picked girls of Evansville,
Of twelve big teams both far and near,
They came and played us with all their will,
They were fine players, but Oh! how rough,
They bit and elbowed both our guards,
And knocked our forwards round enough,
And fumed and fussed and called us—Lords.

We tried out the next Saturday night
The girls' reserve of Evansville,
And my, if they didn't put up a fight,
And claimed the score that was ours by right,
No greater dispute did you ever hear,
We didn't say a thing—but we left at will,
For it was our game so we were clear
Of this big dispute at Evansville.

Good luck followed us on the twenty-eighth,
When we played against two teams,
Owensville and Boonville H. S.,
And conquered them at it seems,
Both teams were fair as fair could be,
And both Boonville and Owensville had improved to the biggest degree,
Those girls were nice, 'most nice as we,
But, after all, beaten we really can't be.

We played our return game with Owensville,
On the night of the seventh of March.
We beat them, but 'twas a terrible game,
For us to be playing in March.
They treated us royally, and were as kind as could be,
To us girls of M. V.;
They took us all over town,
And entertained us all around.

We, the six girls of nineteen
Feel that we have loved this very team,
So much that we will never forget this year
With you, we remain the girls of '19.
We're sorry to leave our dear friends,
Especially those of the basketball teams.
Our coach too, so kind and true
To us six girls of nineteen.

Susie Sugg.

ASPIRATIONS.

Now that we're finished, we are just begun,
We find that life is not all fun.

There is a task for each and all,
They must either rise or fall!

But the class of '19 is prepared,
WE have no fear of being snared.

At the bottom of the ladder yet we are
But the top is where our hopes aspire.

Nothing shall block our way,
We'll reach the topmost rung some day.

We'll pass other classes with a shout,
We'll completely put them to rout.

They may try to catch us in vain,
For we're the class of 1919.

Jessie Lamb.

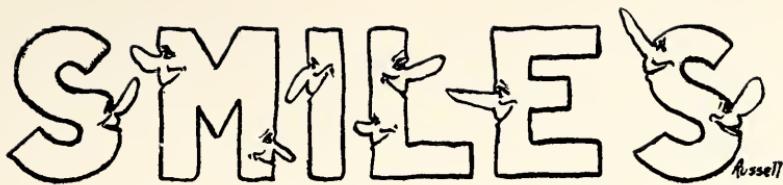
ODE TO THE JANITOR.

Thou genius of the furnace room,
The mop, the duster, and the broom,
Who dost our building clean each day,
To keep all dust and dirt away;
Listen! for I bring to thee
Thanks and praises full and free.
For patience and good nature, too,
I know no man who equals you.
Each morning thou'rt the first to come—
Each evening sees thee last at home.
Then, lest thou makst this High School grieve,
Oh promise us thou'll never leave.

Mary Louise Fitton.

Lives of Seniors all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And by asking foolish questions
Take up recitation time.

Lives of Seniors all remind us,
Things that we had best avoid,
We are not to leave behind us
Things that we had best destroyed.



JOKES.

Lucile Haas: "Red is the sign of danger."

James Morlock: "Is that why girls' lips are red?"

Mr. Fields: "Look, there he goes, the half-back, he'll be our best man!"

Miss Key: "O! this is so sudden."

Floyd La Duke: "Mr. GEMPLER, don't you think I would make a good football player?"

Mr. GEMPLER: "From what I know of you, I think you would be penalized too much for holding."

Traction Conductor: "Your fare, Miss."

Jessemay Layer: "O, thank you, do you think so?"

Mr. Stinnett: "What does I. W. W. mean?"

Carl Keil: "That means, I, Woodrow Wilson."

Lucile Page: "Did you ever take chloroform?"

Edith Green: "No, who teaches it?"

Billy had a piece of gum,
It was as white as snow.
Everywhere that Billy went,
That gum was sure to go.
It followed him to school one day,
Which was against the rule;
Miss Smith took it away from him,
And chewed it after school.

Miss Cauble: "Define mountain range."

James Pearson: "A mountain range is a large cook-stove."

Miss Hanshoe: "What is a lie?"

Bobbie Weir: "A lie is an abomination in the sight of the Lord and an ever present help in time of trouble."

Elwood Smith: "Miss Sturgis, you can't punish a person for what he didn't do, can you?"

Miss Sturgis: "Certainly not, why?"

Elwood: "Because, I have not got my French yet."

Miss Hanshoe: "What is worse than a man without a country?"

Aleen Schneider: "A country without a man."

Arthur Thomas: "Oh! That I were a glove to hold your pretty hand."

Madge Oliver: "Yes, you would certainly make a good one."

Arthur: "Why?"

Madge: "Because you are such (a) soft kid."

Quick, Watson, the magnifying glass!

Here comes the Freshman Class!

I hear them but they are so small

I really can't see them at all.

Popular version of the class motto: "Out of the frying pan into the fire."

"Look here!" cried the excited man to Lawrence Woodward at the Boyce and Williams store. "You gave me morphine instead of quinine this morning."

"Is that so?" replied Lawrence. "Then you owe me another half-dollar."

Mr. Sandefur: "What do you think of a boy who will constantly deceive his teacher?"

Mark Crunk: "I think he's a wonder."

Miss Cauble: "Name the five zones."

Fred Gill: "Temperate, intemperate, war, postal, and o(zone)."

Dave Culley: "I don't feel well this morning."

Mr. Sandefur: "Where do you feel the worst?"

Dave: "In school."

Harry Boyce (proofing an article for the Hoop-Pole Junior): "What shall I call Miss Smith? She directed the staging of the play, you know."

Bill Dietz: "Why, call her the stage coach, of course."

"Jake, how did you get that wound stripe?"

Jake: "My heart broke when I didn't get into active service."

Sedentary work," said Miss Smith, "tends to lessen the endurance."

"In other words," butted in Albert Crowe, "the more one sits, the less one can stand."

"Exactly," retorted Miss Smith; "and if one lies a great deal, one's standing is lost completely."

Miss Haines: "What is the meaning of 'alter ego'?"

John Alvin: "It means the 'other I.'"

Miss Haines: "Use the phrase in a sentence."

John A.: "He winked his alter ego."

Arthur: "Toad, why do you use such a long cigarette holder?"

Toad D.: "Mr. Gempler told me I'd have to keep away from tobacco if I made the team."

Helen: "Do you think a girl should learn to love before 20?"

Fern: "No, too large an audience."

Miss Cauble (in Commercial Arithmetic to John Doerr): "If a soldier had no way to obtain water except by filling his gun, how much water would he have if the barrel was 30 inches by $\frac{3}{4}$ inch?"

John: "He would have a barrel full."

Mr. Painter: "Mr. Sandefur, what are you taking for your mumps?"

Mr. Sandefur: "Make me an offer."

Arch: "I notice the government says we have several million human beings in this country who don't speak English."

Mr. Sandefur: "That's a shame, isn't it?"

Arch: "Oh, I don't know; they're babies not old enough to talk."

Paul: "Do you ever worry, Harry?"

Harry: "Never. In the daytime I'm too busy, and at night, I'm too sleepy."

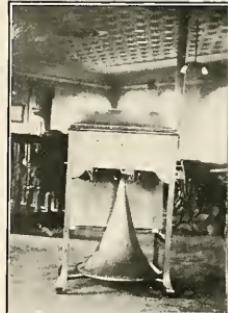
Rev. Press: "Fritz, if you should see some boys fishing on Sunday, would you do anything to discourage them?"

Fritz: "Yes, sir; I'd steal their bait."

Fern (to Bernard, when she doubted one of his statements): "Now, look me straight in the eye."

Bernard (brazenly): "Oh, O could look at you all day."

Fern: "No, you couldn't, you'd die before the day ended."



Pandora's Box



- Birds -



Pets



Come On, Girls



1919 Class-
x It's Mark



A Real Bargain



Con -



- Trasts



- The Gang's All Here -



- Smiles -



A Mary Group



Parasites



- Our Arch -



A Lamb Midst—
"Hazels, Vines, Olives and Ferns"



Tickets Are Read Y!



Lariat Mike



A
Barrel
of Nuts



A Box of Sweets

Senior



Star



OUT



Team



1919



The Boss



-Chicco-



Liberty-Guards



"Editorial Staff"
Continued



Ready For DUTY



Tom Boy(ce)s



Boys' Working Reserve

"Mackey positively talks with her eyes."

"And I suppose when she feels like swearing she gives a cursory glance."

Freshman: "I shall never ask Mr. Painter for his advice again."

Senior: "What's the matter?"

Freshman: "He never thinks what I have made up my mind to do is right."

Miss Cauble: "What are preferred creditors?"

Beuford: "Those who don't call too often."

Paul Dietz: "Miss Sturgis, do you think a person could live on onions alone?"

Miss Sturgis: "I think he ought to live alone."

Frank (as he came puffing out of the water): "I got a great deal of water in my ears."

Mark: "I thought the river looked rather low."

Bernard: "Do you believe in the Darwinian theory?"

Miss La Duke: "Yes, I don't know much about it, but it provides some sort of a stopping place for people who would forever go on bragging about their ancestors."

Mr. Stinnett: "What is a vacuum?"

Billy Dietz: "A vacuum is a large, empty space, where the Pope lives."

Miss Hanshoe asked her English class to compose a poem.

Edie Ruminer handed her the following:

Two hearts that yearn
For love's sweet prison
Were his and her'n,
And her'n and his'n.

Rose Morlock (to Helen Ruling): "Lela told me that you told her that secret I told you not to tell her."

Helen: "She's a mean thing! I told her not to tell you."

Rose: "Well, I told her I wouldn't tell you she told me, so don't tell her I did."

Miss Haines: "Mark, translate, Haic in Galliam importamus."

Mark: "Hike into Gaul—it's important."

Teacher: "Correct this sentence—'Our teacher am in sight.'"

Clinton Maurer: "Our teacher am a sight."

Arch: "I feel like 30 cents."

Lucile: "How things have gone up since the war."

Malcolm A.: "Father, I have learned four new French words today."

His Father: "Did you? What were they?"

Malcolm: "Grenade, village, envelope and locomotive."

Father: "And what are they in French?"

M.: "The same."

Miss Haines: "What animal has the greatest natural fondness for man?"

Merle McFadden: "Woman."

Miss La Duke: "I'm tempted to give this class a test."

Alfred Starken: "Yield not to temptation."

Grace Blackburn: "Do you like meat?"

Herman Stevens: "Yes, if it's 'meet me to night.'"

BOOK OF U's

Chapter I.

Now it came to pass in the days when the teachers ruled the schools that there appeared some U's in their grade books and a certain man in the school watched and cared for them; he and his followers. And they each took in hand a grade book and a pencil and they graded unsparingly. But the pupils arose and said to grade as in the days of their fathers and they blasphemed the U. And the pupils said to the U: Go, depart from us and may some one deal with you as thou hast dealt with us. But it lifted up its voice and cried and its leaders held unflinchingly to it. But the pupils said; Leave us, why do you pester us so? Then the teachers said; It has been a very effective helper and we must cleave unto it. And the U said; Entreat me not to leave thee for whither thou wouldst have thy grades, there I go. And it clung to them another year.

Chapter II.

And the U had a kinsman, a mighty element, and its name was Zero. And the pupils said; Let the U depart from us since the Zero cleaves unto us, though it finds not grace in our eyes. But the teachers said; Go not. So it stayed and gleaned after Zero until Zero said unto its leaders; Who is this? And the leaders said; It is a helper that follows and annoys the pupils. And the U said; I pray thee to let me glean after thee so that nothing shall be left that is doubtful. So it stayed as does a pestilence. Then Zero said unto the U: Depart not from this school but abide fast by the students. And the U said; Why have I found favor in thine eyes? And Zero said: Thou hast come from a long of nowhere and hast clung tenaciously to the cards of the pupils who knew thee not heretofore. And the school board came unto the leaders and said: Reproach not the U. And many hints did they let fall to the teachers. So it gleaned until there were barely enough left to be seen. So it kept fast by the cards of the pupils unto the end of the year and dwelt by its leaders because it found grace in their eyes.

Chapter III.

Then the leader said unto the U: Shall I not seek rest for thee since thou hast been so faithful unto us and have we not always dealt justly with thee? Behold this is the time of the examinations, therefore follow thou unto the seats of the pupils whereupon they sit during the examinations. Make not thyself known unto any one of them and then it shall be that when he gets back his card, on it thou shalt have appeared where he wouldst have a grade go. And the U replied: All that thou sayest unto me that will I do. And it did as it was bid. But then it came again unto the teachers saying: For thy sake and my sake and for the sake of the pupils, let me abide with thee longer.

Chapter IV.

Then went the school board unto the office and set themselves down there and behold all the teachers came in and set themselves down there also. And one of them arose and said: The U which has appeared from nowhere and which has served us faithfully wishes to continue in our midst and I wish to tell thee that I wish it to stay. And another arose and said: The U has proved a benefit, and since we must continue in the old custom of maintaining the zero we will keep both. And as was the custom to write down all the agreements, so straightway one of their number wrote down all that had been said according that the U should remain. And they all were sworn in as was the custom for witnesses and when the pupils heard it they said: Lo, this day is a bitter day, for unwillingly we must say that we are witnesses to this curse that has been sent upon us. And so it came to pass that it became greater in the eyes of the teachers and the school board because the pupils arose and blasphemed the U more than ever. But one of the pupils arose and said: I refuse to admit the U, I challenge it to appear on my card. And her words influenced others so that the U felt downhearted and it found less favor in the eyes of the teachers on this account.

Jessie Lamb, '19.

WE KNOW SOMETHING IS WRONG WHEN—

Poty doesn't giggle.
Notes cease to fly.
Bernard has nothing to say.
We see Mildred without Charles Edward.
Alfred forgets to promenade during the first period.
Aileen is on time.
The fiction shelves are not popular.
Bobby Weir forgets to flirt with the Senior girls.
Frank hasn't "read an article."
The civics classes don't read outside their own texts.
Mary Louise isn't studying.
Esther Menzies doesn't powder her nose.
The Basketball girls loose a game.

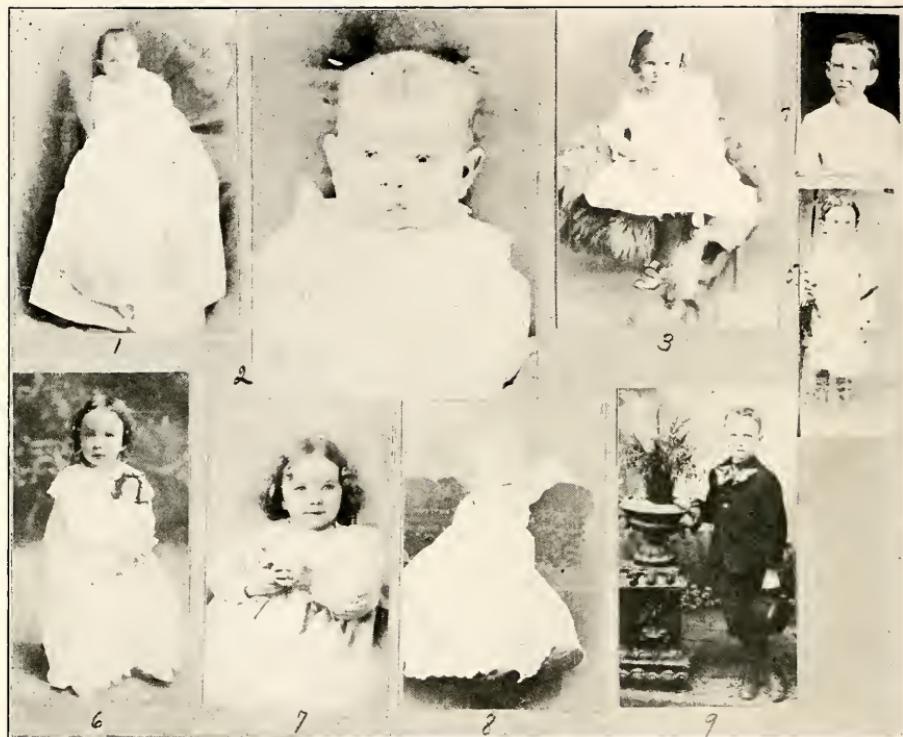
OUR ALPHABETICAL DIRECTORY

Arch, our Agriculturist.
Bateman, our Basketball star.
Crunk, our cute boy.
Davis, our Dark-eyed Damsel.
Elfreda, our Entertainer.
Fern, our Flirt.
Gladys, our Good-looking Girl.
Helen, our Heart-breaker.
Incomparable, our Important class.
Jessie, our Joker.
Kreie, our Kapable Kaptain.
Luebbermann, our Lecturer.
Mackey, our Man-hater(?!)
Nuts, a New **fresh** crop.
Oliver, our Original artist.
Poty, our Popular girl.
Queer, our Questions.
Robb, our Reserved classmate.
Stiker, our Stenographer.
Tom, our Traveller.
U, an Undeserved Unkindness.
Vines, our Vivacious girl.
Williams, our Winsome girl.
Xmas, our Xtensive vacation (?).
Youth, the measure of our Years.
Zenith, the Zone of our Zeal.

TWENTY-THIRD PSALM

Getting U's is my hobby, I shall not want such to happen again. It maketh me to feel small under the sarcasm of my teachers. It soureth my soul. It leadeth me into the path of ridicule for its namesake. Yea though I am towed up the hills by the means of bluffs, I fall when it comes to the tests of my knowledge. The whys and wherefores discomfort me. I anoint my lessons with excuses. My teachers' anger runneth over. I make excuses for my absences in the presence of my school mates. Surely if I do not mend my ways I will dwell in Mt. Vernon High forever. Amen.

Hazel Williams.



ROUGES' GALLERY

A copy of the following pictures will be given the first person who submits a correct guess as to the identity of the people represented.

Faculty

1. "Write ten letters for tomorrow."
2. "The Artist."
3. "Get ready for dictation."
4. "A perfectly respectable Roman citizen."
5. "A word to the wise."
6. "Fermez les livres."
7. "Give the construction of—"
8. "Those stitches are too large."
9. "One or two announcements."

Seniors

Page One

1. 1919 Class's Mark
2. Lydia Riecken
3. Mary Ellen
4. Our black bird
9. Editor-in-Chief and President since and before assuming the responsibilities of his office.
5. Rev. Samuel Smudge
6. Crowfoot
7. Grace Blackburn
8. Vice-President
10. Frank
11. Gladys Woodward
12. Poty.
13. Fern
14. Business Manager
15. John Alvin

Page Two

1. Beulah Karnes
2. Lucile Haas
3. Jessie Pritchard
4. Esther
5. Hazel Williams
6. Edna Sturm
7. Prophetess and Poet
8. Hazel Kagel
9. Herb
10. Madeline
11. Historian
12. Arthur Robb
13. Lawrence Woodward
14. Jessie Lamb
15. Olivia Martin
16. Class Treasurer
17. Susie
18. Gladys Basler
19. The Lion
20. Class Artist
21. Belva
22. Louise Leffel







Junior High School Building

JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL FACULTY



M. L. Denbo, Principal
History



Margaret Yunker
Latin, Commercial and Geography



Juliette Schisley
English



Mary Rifener
Arithmetic



William Riecken
Algebra, Botany and Physiology



Mrs. W. S. Painter
Algebra, Botany and Physiology



Junior High School Class

Bottom Row (left to right)—Alwin Grabert, Martin Rhoads, Wm. Bottomly, Jack Barnett, George Grabert, Shannon Pleasants, Walter Baldwin, Eugene Stiker.

Second Row—Juliet Lasater, Hazel Grimwood, Helen Crowe, Mildred Brooks, Mildred Rowe, Margaret Blockely, Dorothy French, Rose White.

Third Row—Oma Nesler, Leona Perrin, Mary Kennedy, Katherine Allbright, Lona Redman, Adeline Maurer, Ruth Davis, Charlotte Rosenbaum.

Fourth Row—Matilda Kleinsmidt, Delores Newman, Blanche Carson, Lillian Henderson, Ruth Otterson, Mary Crowder, Mary Clements, Mary B. Haas.

Fifth Row—Edith Wiggins, Marie Wiesmann, Hazel Ashworth, Gertrude Williams, Helen Riecken, Carl Basler.

Sixth Row—Carl Clements, Lawrence Frier, William Jourdan, Walter Aylsworth, Joseph Kaiser.

Seventh Row—Owen Benthall, Gilbert Goodwin, George Riecken, Clarence Schrieber, Manford Stein, Leland Whitman.

Autographs

We, as Business Managers, extend our thanks in behalf of the Senior Class of 1919, to the business and professional citizens who have so kindly co-operated in making our Annual a success.

HELEN KECK, Business Manager,

MARY ELLEN BATEMAN,
M. FERN LEIPOLD,
ESTHER MENZIES,
SUSIE SUGG,

ELISHA BLACKBURN,
FRANK M. HARLEM,
BERNARD LUEBBERMANN,
LAWRENCE WOODWARD.

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Automobile Accessories and Coal.



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Loyalty to your Community,

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Loyalty to your friends,

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and happiness will crown the efforts of the
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A. WALLER & COMPANY

Grain Dealers

John Robb, Agent. Mt. Vernon, Ind.

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<p>DR. H. H. SUGG 118-120 Third St. Mt. Vernon, Ind.</p>	<p>THE FIX-IT SHOP General Repairing of all kinds. 113 W. Third St. Mt. Vernon, Ind.</p>

Interviews Solicited.

Ask To See The New Policy.

"Life Insurance increases the stability of the business world, raises its moral tone and puts a premium on those habits of thrift and savings which are so essential to the welfare of the people as a body."

The great American Statesman, recently deceased, who was author of the above extract, carried a goodly portion of his Life Insurance in the Company I represent.

—

J. OLIVER, SPECIAL AGENT.

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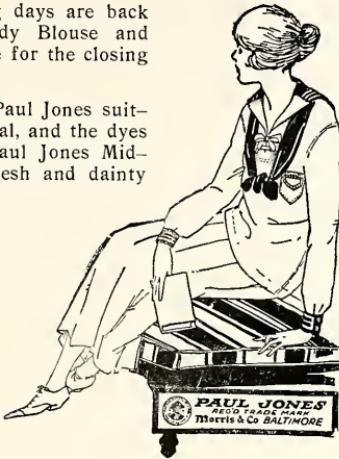
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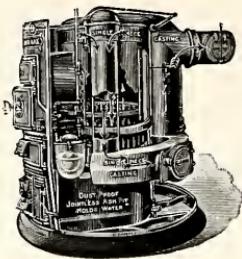
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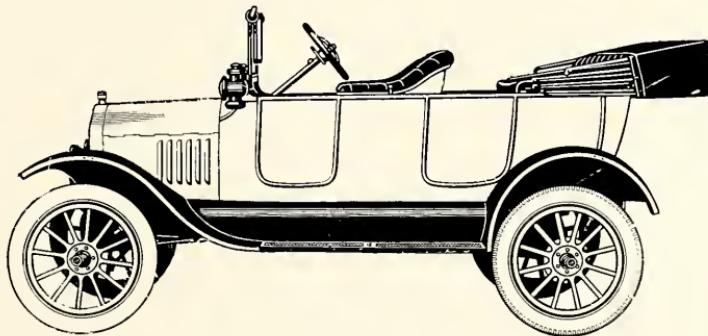
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The shallows road;
Worth is the ocean, Fame is but the bruit
Along the shore.
What shall I do to be forever known?—
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This did full many who yet slept unknown.
Oh! never, never!
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Whom THOU know'st not?
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County Sheriff

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County Road Superintendent

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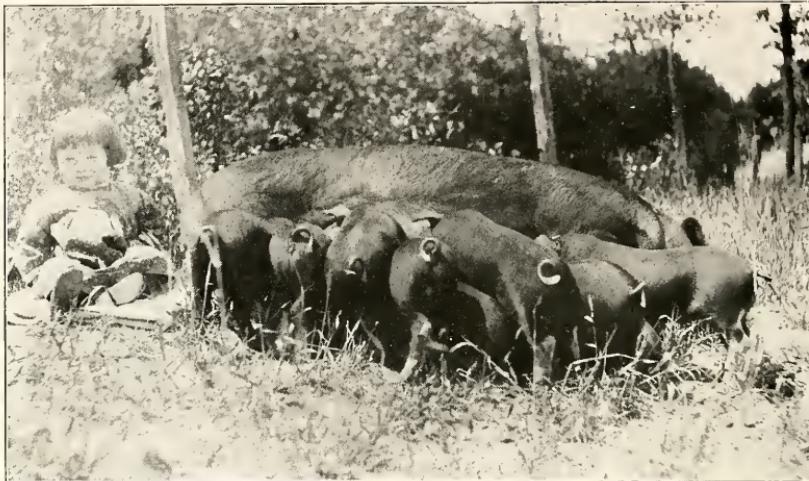
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